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The Adventures of Harry Richmond.

CHAPTER LII.

AN ENCOUNTER SHOWING MY FATHER'S GENIUS IN A STRONG LIGHT.



THE morning was sultry with the first rising of the sun. I knew that Ottilia and Janet would be out. For myself, I dared not leave the house. I sat in my room, harried by the most penetrating snore which can ever have afflicted wakeful ears. It proclaimed so deep-seated a peacefulness in the bosom of the disturber, and was so arrogant, so ludicrous, and inaccessible to remonstrance, that it sounded like a renewal of our midnight altercation on the sleeper's part. Prolonged now and then beyond all bounds, it ended in the

crashing blare whereof utter wakefulness cannot imagine honest sleep to be capable, but a playful melody, twirled back to the regular note. He was fast asleep on the sitting-room sofa, while I walked fretting and panting. To this twinship I seemed condemned. In my heart nevertheless there was a reserve of wonderment at his apparent astuteness and resolution, and my old love for him whispered disbelief in his having

disgraced me. Perhaps it was wilful self-deception. It helped me to meet him with a better face.

We both avoided the subject of our difference for some time : he would evidently have done so altogether, and used his best and sweetest manner to divert me ; but when I struck on it, asking him if he had indeed told me the truth last night, his features clouded as though with an effort of patience. To my consternation he suddenly broke away, with his arms up, puffing and stammering, stamping his feet. He would have a truce—he insisted on a truce, I understood him to exclaim, and that I was like a woman, who would and would not, and wanted a master. He raved of the gallant downrightness of the young bloods of his day, and how splendidly this one and that had compassed their ends by winning great ladies, lawfully or otherwise. For several minutes he was in a state of frenzy, appealing to his pattern youths of a bygone generation as to moral principles—stuttering, and of a dark red hue from the neck to the temples. I refrained from a scuffle of tongues. Nor did he excuse himself after he had cooled. His hand touched instinctively for his pulse, and, with a glance at the ceiling, he exclaimed, “Good Lord!” and brought me to his side. “These wigwam houses check my circulation,” said he. “Let us go out—let us breakfast on board.”

The open air restored him, and he told me that he had been merely oppressed by the architect of the inferior classes, whose ceiling sat on his head. My nerves, he remarked to me, were very excitable. “You should take your wine, Richie,—you require it. Your dear mother had a low-toned nervous system.” I was silent, and followed him, at once a captive and a keeper.

This day of slackened sails and a bright sleeping water kept the yachtsmen on land ; there was a crowd to meet the morning boat. Foremost among those who stepped out of it was the yellow-haired Eckart, little suspecting what the sight of him signalled to me. I could scarcely greet him at all, for in him I perceived that my father had fully committed himself to his plot, and left me nothing to hope. Eckart said something of Prince Hermann. As we were walking off the pier, I saw Janet conversing with Prince Ernest, and the next minute Hermann himself was one of the group. I turned to Eckart for an explanation.

“Didn’t I tell you he called at your house in London, and travelled down with me this morning !” said Eckart.

My father looked in the direction of the princes, but his face was for the moment no index. They bowed to Janet, and began talking hurriedly in the triangle of road between her hotel, the pier, and the way to the villas : passing on, and coming to a full halt, like men who are not reserving their minds. My father stepped out towards them. He was met by Prince Ernest. Hermann turned his back.

It being the hour of the appointment, I delivered Eckart over to Temple’s safe-keeping, and went up to Janet. “Don’t be late, Harry,” she said.

I asked her if she knew the object of the meeting appointed by my grandfather.

She answered impatiently: "Do get him away from the prince." And then: "I ought to tell you the princess is well, and so on—pardon me just now: Grandada is kept waiting, and I don't like it."

Her actual dislike was to see Prince Ernest in dialogue with my father, it seemed to me; and the manner of both, which was, one would have said, intimate, anything but the manner of adversaries. Prince Ernest appeared to affect a pleasant humour; he twice, after shaking my father's hand, stepped back to him, as if to renew some impression. Their attitude declared them to be on the best of terms. Janet withdrew her attentive eyes from observing them, and threw a world of meaning into her abstracted gaze at me. My father's advance put her to flight. Yet she gave him the welcome of a high-bred young woman when he entered the drawing-room of my grandfather's hotel-suite. She was alone, and she obliged herself to accept conversation graciously. He recommended her to try the German Baths for the squire's gout, and evidently amused her with his specific probations for English persons designing to travel in company, that they should previously live together in a house with a collection of undisciplined chambermaids, a musical footman, and a mad cook: to learn to accommodate their tempers. "I would add a touch of earthquake, Miss Ilchester, just to make sure that all the party know one another's edges before starting." This was too far a shot of nonsense for Janet, whose native disposition was to refer to lunacy, or stupidity, or trickery, whatsoever was novel to her understanding. "I, for my part," said he, "stipulate to have for comrade no man who fancies himself a born and stamped chieftain, no inveterate student of maps, and no dog with a turn for feeling himself pulled by the collar. And that reminds me you are amateur of dogs. Have you a Pomeranian boar-hound?"

"No," said Janet; "I have never even seen one."

"That high." My father raised his hand flat.

"Bigger than our Newfoundlands!"

"Without exaggeration, big as a pony. You will permit me to send you one, warranted to have passed his distemper, which can rarely be done for our human species, though here and there I venture to guarantee my man as well as my dog."

Janet interposed her thanks, declining to take the dog, but he dwelt on the dog's charms, his youth, stature, appearance, fitness, and grandeur, earnestly. I had to relieve her apprehensions by questioning where the dog was.

"In Germany," he said.

It was not improbable, nor less so that the dog was in Pomerania likewise.

The entry of my aunt Dorothy, followed by my grandfather, was silent.

"Be seated," the old man addressed us in a body, to cut short particular salutations.

My father overshadowed him with drooping shoulders.

Janet wished to know whether she was to remain.

"I like you by me always," he answered, bluff and sharp.

"We have some shopping to do," my aunt Dorothy murmured, showing she was there against her will.

"Do you shop out of London?" said my father; and for some time he succeeded in making us sit for the delusive picture of a comfortable family meeting.

My grandfather sat quite still, Janet next to him. "When you've finished, Mr. Richmond," he remarked.

"Mr. Beltham, I was telling Miss Beltham that I join in the abuse of London exactly because I love it. A paradox! she says. But we seem to be effecting a kind of insurance on the life of the things we love best by crying them down violently. You have observed it? Denounce them—they endure for ever! So I join any soul on earth in decrying our dear London. The naughty old City can bear it."

There was a clearing of throats. My aunt Dorothy's foot tapped the floor.

"But I presume you have done me the honour to invite me to this conference on a point of business, Mr. Beltham?" said my father, admonished by the hint.

"I have, sir," the squire replied.

"And I also have a point. And in fact, it is urgent, and with your permission, Mr. Beltham, I will lead the way."

"No, sir, if you please. I'm a short speaker, and go to it at once, and I won't detain you a second after you've answered me."

My father nodded to this, with the conciliatory comment that it was business-like.

The old man drew out his pocket-book.

"You paid a debt," he said, deliberately, "amounting to twenty-one thousand pounds to my grandson's account."

"Oh! a debt! I did, sir. Between father and boy, dad and lad; debts! . . . but use your own terms, I pray you."

"I don't ask you where that money is now. I ask you to tell me where you got it from."

"You speak bluntly, my dear sir."

"You won't answer, then?"

"You ask the question as a family matter? I reply with alacrity, to the best of my ability: and with my hand on my heart, Mr. Beltham, let me assure you, I very heartily desire the information to be furnished to me. Or rather—why should I conceal it? The sources are irregular, but a child could toddle its way to them: you take my indication. Say that I obtained it from my friends. My friends, Mr. Beltham, are of the kind requiring squeezing. Government, as my chum and good comrade, Jorian DeWitt, is fond of saying, is a sponge—a thing that when you dive deep enough to catch it gives liberal supplies, but will assuredly otherwise reserve the process by acting the part of an absorbent.

I get what I get by force of arms, or I might have perished long since."

"Then you don't know where you got it from, sir?"

"Technically you are correct, sir."

"A bird didn't bring it, and you didn't find it in the belly of a fish."

"Neither of these prodigies. They have occurred in books I am bound to believe; they did *not* happen to me."

"You swear to me you don't know the man, woman, or committee, who gave you that sum?"

"I do not know, Mr. Beltham. In an extraordinary history, extraordinary circumstances! I have experienced so many that I am surprised at nothing."

"You suppose you got it from some fool?"

"Oh! if you choose to indict Government collectively."

"You pretend you got it from Government?"

"I am termed a pretender by some, Mr. Beltham. The facts are these: I promised to refund the money, and I fulfilled the promise. There you have the only answer I can make to you. Now to my own affair. I come to request you to demand the hand of the Princess Eppenwelzen-Sarkeld on behalf of my son Harry, your grandson; and I possess the assurance of the prince, her father, that it will be granted. Doubtless you, sir, are of as old a blood as the prince himself. You will acknowledge that the honour brought to the family by an hereditary princess is considerable: it is something. I am prepared to accompany you to his highness, or not, as you please: his English is of a faltering character. Still it is but a question of dotation, and a selection from one of two monosyllables."

Janet shook her dress.

The squire replied: "We'll take that up presently. I haven't quite done. Will you tell me what agent paid you the sum of money?"

"The usual agent—a solicitor, Mr. Beltham; a gentleman whose business lay amongst the aristocracy; he is defunct; and a very worthy old gentleman he was, with a remarkable store of anecdotes of his patrons, very discreetly told: for you never heard a name from him."

"You took him for an agent of Government, did you! why?"

"To condense a long story, sir, the kernel of the matter is, that almost from the hour I began to stir for the purpose of claiming my rights—which are transparent enough—this old gentleman—certainly from no sinister motive, I may presume—commenced the payment of an annuity; not sufficient for my necessities, possibly, but warrant of an agreeable sort for encouraging my expectations; although, oddly, this excellent old Mr. Bannerbridge invariably served up the dish in a sauce that did not agree with it, by advising me of the wish of the donator that I should abandon my case. I consequently, in common with my friends, performed a little early lesson in arithmetic, and we came to the one conclusion open to reflective minds—namely, that I was feared."

My aunt Dorothy looked up for the first time.

"Janet and I have some purchases to make," she said.

The squire signified sharply that she must remain where she was.

"I think auntie wants fresh air; she had a headache last night," said Janet.

I suggested that, as my presence did not seem to be required, I could take her on my arm for a walk to the pier-head.

Her face was burning; she would gladly have gone out, but the squire refused to permit it, and she nodded over her crossed hands, saying that she was in no hurry.

"Ha! I am," quoth he.

"Dear Miss Beltham!" my father ejaculated, solicitously.

"Here, sir, oblige me by attending to me," cried the squire, fuming and blinking. "I sent for you on a piece of business. You got this money through a gentleman, a solicitor, named Bannerbridge, did you?"

"His name was Bannerbridge, Mr. Beltham."

"Dorothy, you knew a Mr. Bannerbridge?"

She faltered: "I knew him. . . . Harry was lost in the streets of London when he was a little fellow, and the Mr. Bannerbridge I knew found him and took him to his house, and was very kind to him."

"What was his Christian name?"

I gave them: "Charles Adolphus."

"The identical person!" exclaimed my father.

"Oh! you admit it," said the squire. "Ever seen him since the time Harry was lost, Dorothy?"

"Yes," she answered. "I have heard he is dead."

"Did you see him shortly before his death?"

"I happened to see him a short time before."

"He was your man of business, was he?"

"For such little business as I had to do."

"You were sure you could trust him, eh?"

"Yes."

My aunt Dorothy breathed deeply.

"By God, ma'am, you're a truthful woman!"

The old man gave her a glare of admiration.

It was now my turn to undergo examination, and summoned by his apostrophe to meet his eyes, I could appreciate the hardness of the head I had to deal with.

"Harry, I beg your pardon beforehand; I want to get at facts; I must ask you what you know about where the money came from?"

I spoke of my attempts to discover the whence and wherefore of it.

"Government? eh?" he sneered.

"I really can't judge whether it came from that quarter," said I.

"What do you think?—think it likely?"

I thought it unlikely, and yet likelier than that it should have come from an individual.

"Then you don't suspect any particular person of having sent it in the nick of time, Harry Richmond?"

I replied: "No, sir; unless you force me to suspect you."

He jumped in his chair, astounded and wrathful, confounded me for insinuating that he was a Bedlamite, and demanded the impudent reason of my suspecting him to have been guilty of the infernal folly.

I had but the reason to instance that he was rich and kind at heart.

"Rich! kind!" he bellowed. "Just excuse me—I must ask for the purpose of my inquiry;—there, tell me, how much do you believe you've got of that money remaining? None o' that Peterborough style of counting in the back of your pate. Say!"

There was a dreadful silence.

My father leaned persuasively forward.

"Mr. Beltham, I crave permission to take up the word. Allow me to remind you of the prize Harry has won. The prince awaits you to bestow on him the hand of his daughter——"

"Out with it, Harry," shouted the squire.

"Not to mention Harry's seat in Parliament," my father resumed, "he has a princess to wife, indubitably one of the most enviable positions in the country! It is unnecessary to count on future honours; they may be alluded to. In truth, sir, we make him the first man in the country. Not necessarily premier: you take my meaning:—he possesses the combination of social influence and standing with political achievements, and rank and riches in addition——"

"I'm speaking to my grandson, sir," the squire rejoined, shaking himself like a man rained on. "I'm waiting for a plain answer, and no lie. You've already confessed as much as that the money you told me on your honour you put out to interest;—psh!—for my grandson was smoke. Now let's hear him."

My father called out: "I claim a hearing! The money you speak of *was* put out to the very highest interest. You have your grandson in Parliament, largely acquainted with the principal members of society, husband of an hereditary princess! You have only at this moment to propose for her hand. I guarantee it to you. With that money I have won him everything. Not that I would intimate to you that princesses are purchaseable. The point is, I knew how to employ it."

"In two months' time, the money in the funds in the boy's name—you told me that."

"You had it in the funds in Harry Richmond's name, sir."

"Well, sir, I'm asking him whether it's in the funds now."

"Oh! Mr. Beltham."

"What answer's that?"

The squire was really confused by my father's interruption, and lost sight of me.

"I ask where it came from: I ask whether it's squandered?" he continued.

My aunt Dorothy looked up for the first time.

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"I ask where it came from: I ask whether it's squandered?" he continued.

"Mr. Beltham, I reply that you have only to ask for it to have it; do so immediately."

"What's he saying?" cried the baffled old man.

"I give you a thousand times the equivalent of the money, Mr. Beltham."

"Is the money there?"

"The lady is here."

"I said money, sir."

"A priceless honour and treasure, I say emphatically."

My grandfather's brows and mouth were gathering for storm. Janet touched his knee.

"Where the devil your understanding truckles, if you have any, I don't know," he muttered. "What the deuce—lady got to do with money!"

"Oh!" my father laughed lightly, "customarily the alliance is, they say, as close as matrimony. Pardon me. To speak with becoming seriousness, Mr. Beltham, it was duly imperative that our son should be known in society, should be, you will apprehend me, advanced in station, which I had to do through the ordinary political channel. There could not but be a considerable expenditure for such a purpose."

"In balls, and dinners!"

"In everything that builds a young gentleman's repute."

"You swear to me you gave your balls and dinners, and the lot, for Harry Richmond's sake?"

"On my veracity, I did, sir!"

"Please don't talk like a mountebank. I don't want any of your roundabout words for truth; we're not writing a Bible essay. I try my best to be civil."

My father beamed on him.

"I guarantee you succeed, sir. Nothing on earth can a man be so absolutely sure of as to succeed in civility, if he honestly tries at it. Jorian DeWitt,—by the way, you may not know him—an esteemed old friend of mine, says—that is, he said once—to a tolerably impudent fellow whom he had disconcerted with a capital retort, 'You may try to be a gentleman, and blunder at it, but if you will only try to be his humble servant we are certain to establish a common footing.' Jorian, let me tell you, is a wit worthy of our glorious old days."

My grandfather eased his heart with a plunging breath. "Well, sir, I didn't ask you here for your opinion or your friend's, and I don't care for modern wit."

"Nor I, Mr. Beltham, nor I! It has the reek of stable straw. We are of one mind on that subject. The thing slouches, it sprawls. It—to quote Jorian once more—is like a dirty idle little stupid boy who cannot learn his lesson and plays the fool with the alphabet. You smile, Miss Ilchester: you would appreciate Jorian. Modern wit is emphatically degenerate. It has no scintillation, neither thrust nor parry.

I compare it to boxing, as opposed to the more beautiful science of fencing."

"Well, sir, I don't want to hear your comparisons," growled the squire, much oppressed. "Stop a minute. . . ."

"Half a minute to me, sir," said my father, with a glowing reminiscence of Jorian DeWitt, which was almost too much for the combustible old man, even under Janet's admonition.

My aunt Dorothy moved her head slightly towards my father, looking on the floor, and he at once drew in.

"Mr. Beltham, I attend to you submissively."

"You do? Then tell me what brought this princess to England?"

"The conviction that Harry had accomplished his oath to mount to an eminence in his country, and had made the step she is about to take less, I will say, precipitous: though I personally decline to admit a pointed inferiority."

"You wrote her a letter."

"That, containing the news of the attack on him and his desperate illness, was the finishing touch to the noble lady's passion."

"Attack? I know nothing about an attack. You wrote her a letter and wrote her a lie. You said he was dying!"

"I had the boy inanimate on my breast when I despatched the epistle."

"You said he had only a few days to live."

"So in my affliction I feared."

"Will you swear you didn't write that letter with the intention of drawing her over here to have her in your power, so that you might threaten you'd blow on her reputation if she or her father held out against you and all didn't go as you fished for it!"

My father raised his head proudly.

"I divide your query into two parts. I wrote, sir, to bring her to his side. I did not write with any intention to threaten."

"You've done it, though."

"I have done this," said my father, toweringly: "I have used the power placed in my hands by providence to overcome the hesitations of a gentleman whose illustrious rank predisposes him to sacrifice his daughter's happiness to his pride of birth and station. Can any one confute me when I assert that the princess loves Harry Richmond?"

I walked abruptly to one of the windows, hearing a pitiable wrangling on the theme. My grandfather vowed she had grown wiser, my father protested that she was willing and anxious; Janet was appealed to. In a strangely-sounding underbreath, she said: "The princess does not wish it."

"You hear that, Mr. Richmond?" cried the squire.

He returned: "Can Miss Ilchester say that the Princess Ottilia does not passionately love my son Harry Richmond? The circumstances warrant me in beseeching a direct answer."

She uttered: "No."

I looked at her ; she at me.

"You can conduct a case, Richmond," the squire remarked.

My father rose to his feet. "I can conduct my son to happiness and greatness, my dear sir ; but to some extent I require your grandfatherly assistance ; and I urge you now to present your respects to the prince and princess, and judge yourself of his Highness's disposition for the match. I assure you in advance that he welcomes the proposal."

"I do not believe it," said Janet, rising.

My aunt Dorothy followed her example, saying : "In justice to Harry the proposal should be made. At least it will settle this dispute."

Janet stared at her, and the squire threw his head back with an amazed interjection.

"What! You're for it now ? Why, at breakfast you were all t'other way! You didn't want this meeting because you pooh-pooched the match."

"I do think you should go," she answered. "You have given Harry your promise, and if he empowers you, it is right to make the proposal, and immediately, I think."

She spoke feverishly, with an unsweet expression of face, that seemed to me to indicate vexedness at the squire's treatment of my father.

"Harry," she asked me in a very earnest fashion, "is it your desire ? Tell your grandfather that it is, and that you want to know your fate. Why should there be any dispute on a fact that can be ascertained by crossing a street ? Surely it is trifling."

Janet stooped to whisper in the squire's ear.

He caught the shock of unexpected intelligence apparently ; faced about, gazed up, and cried : "You too ? But I haven't done here. I've got to cross-examine. . . . Pretend, do you mean ? Pretend I'm ready to go ? I can release this prince just as well here as there."

Janet laughed faintly.

"I should advise your going, grandada."

"You a weathercock woman ! " he reproached her, quite mystified, and fell to rubbing his head. "Suppose I go to be snubbed ?"

"The prince is a gentleman, grandada. Come with me. We will go alone. You can relieve the prince, and protect him."

My father nodded : "I approve."

"And grandada—but it will not so much matter if we are alone, though," Janet said.

"Speak out."

"See the princess as well ; she must be present."

"I leave it to you," he said, crestfallen.

Janet pressed my aunt Dorothy's hand.

"Aunt, you were right, you are always right. This state of suspense is bad all round, and it is infinitely worse for the prince and princess."

My aunt Dorothy accepted the eulogy with a singular trembling wrinkle of the forehead.

For my part, I shared my grandfather's stupefaction at their un-

accountable changes. It appeared almost as if my father had won them over to baffle him. The old man tried to insist on their sitting down again, but Janet perseveringly smiled and smiled until he stood up. She spoke to him softly. He was one black frown; displeased with her: obedient, however.

Too soon after, I had the key to the enigmatical scene. At the moment I was contemptuous of riddles, and heard with idle ears Janet's promptings to him and his replies. "It would be so much better to settle it here," he said. She urged that it could not be settled here without the whole burden and responsibility falling upon him.

"Exactly," interposed my father triumphing.

Dorothy Beltham came to my side, and said, as if speaking to herself, while she gazed out of window: "If a refusal, it should come from the prince." She dropped her voice: "The money has not been spent? Has it? Has any part of it been spent? Are you sure you have more than three parts of it?"

Now, that she should be possessed by the spirit of parsimony on my behalf at such a time as this, was to my conception insanelly comical, and her manner of expressing it was too much for me. I kept my laughter under to hear her continue: "What numbers are flocking on the pier! and there is no music yet. Tell me, Harry, that the money is all safe; nearly all! It is important to know; you promised economy."

"Music did you speak of, Miss Beltham?"

My father bowed to her gallantly. "I chanced to overhear you. My private band performs to the public at midday."

She was obliged to smile to excuse his interruption.

"What's that? whose band?" said the squire, bursting out of Janet's hands, "a private band?"

Janet had a difficulty in resuming her command of him. The mention of the private band made him very restive.

"I'm not acting on my own judgment at all in going to these foreign people," he said to Janet. "Why go? I can have it out here and an end to it, without bothering them and their interpreters."

He sung out to me: "Harry, do you want me to go through this form for you? —mn'd unpleasant!"

My aunt Dorothy whispered in my ear: "Yes! yes!"

"I feel tricked!" he muttered, and did not wait for me to reply before he was again questioning my aunt Dorothy concerning Mr. Bannerbridge, and my father as to "that sum of money." But his method of interrogation was confused and pointless. The drift of it was totally obscure.

"I'm off my head to-day," he said to Janet, with a side-shot of his eye at my father.

"You waste time and trouble, grandada," said she.

He vowed that he was being bewildered, bothered by us all; and I thought I had never seen him so far below his level of energy; but I had not seen him condescend to put himself upon a moderately fair footing

with my father. The truth was, that Janet had rigorously schooled him to bridle his temper, and he was no match for the voluble easy man without the freest play of his tongue.

"This prince!" he kept ejaculating.

"Won't you understand, grandada, that you relieve him, and make things clear by going?" Janet said.

He begged her fretfully not to be impatient, and hinted that she and he might be acting the part of dupes, and was for pursuing his inauspicious cross-examination in spite of his blundering, and the "Where am I now?" which pulled him up. My father, either talking to my aunt Dorothy, to Janet, or to me, on ephemeral topics, scarcely noticed him, except when he was questioned, and looked secure of success in the highest degree consistent with perfect calmness.

"So you say you tell me to go, do you?" the squire called to me. "Be good enough to stay here and wait. I don't see that anything's gained by my going: it's damned hard on me, having to go to a man whose language I don't know, and he don't know mine, on a business we're all of us in a muddle about. I'll do it, if it's right. You're sure?"

He glanced at Janet. She nodded.

I was looking for this quaint and, to me, incomprehensible interlude to commence with the departure of the squire and Janet, when a card was handed in by one of the hotel-waiters.

"Another prince!" cried the squire. "These Germans seem to grow princes like potatoes—dozens to a root! Who's the card for? Ask him to walk up. Show him into a quiet room. Does he speak English?"

"Does Prince Hermann of—I can't pronounce the name of the place—speak English, Harry?" Janet asked me.

"As well as you or I," said I, losing my inattention all at once with a mad leap of the heart.

Hermann's presence gave light fire and colour to the scene in which my destiny had been wavering from hand to hand without much more than amusedly interesting me, for I was sure that I had lost Ottilia: I knew that too well, and worse could not happen. I had besides lost other things that used to sustain me, and being reckless, I was contemptuous, and listened to the talk about money with sublime indifference to the subject: with an attitude too, I daresay. But Hermann's name revived my torment. Why had he come? to persuade the squire to control my father? Nothing but that would suffer itself to be suggested, though conjectures lying in shadow underneath pressed ominously on my mind.

My father had no doubts.

"A word to you, Mr. Beltham, before you go to Prince Hermann. He is an emissary, we treat him with courtesy, and if he comes to diplomatize we of course give a patient hearing. I have only to observe in the most emphatic manner possible that I do not retract one step. I will have this marriage: I have spoken! It rests with Prince Ernest."

The squire threw a hasty glare of his eyes back as he was hobbling on Janet's arm. She stopped short, and replied for him.

"Mr. Beltham will speak for himself, in his own name. We are not concerned in any unworthy treatment of Prince Ernest. We protest against it."

"Dear young lady!" said my father graciously, "I meet you frankly. Now tell me. I know you are a gallant horsewoman: if you had lassoed the noble horse of the desert would you let him run loose because of his remonstrating? Side with me, I entreat you! My son is my first thought. The pride of princes and wild horses you will find wonderfully similar, especially in the way they take their taming when once they feel they are positively caught. We show him we have him fast—he falls into our paces on the spot! For Harry's sake, for the princess's, I beg you exert your universally deservedly acknowledged influence. Even now—and you frown on me!—I cannot find it in my heart to wish you the sweet and admirable woman of the world you are destined to be, though you would comprehend me and applaud me, for I could not—no, not to win your favourable opinion!—consent that you should be robbed of a single ray of fresh, maidenly youth. If you must misjudge me, I submit. It is the price I pay for seeing you young and lovely. Prince Ernest is, credit me, not unworthily treated by me, if life is a battle, and the prize of it the general's head. I implore you"—he lured her with the dimple of a lurking smile—"do not seriously blame your afflicted senior, if we are to differ. I am vastly your elder: you instil the doubt whether I am by as much the wiser of the two; but the father of Harry Richmond claims to know best what will ensure his boy's felicity. Is he rash? Pronounce me guilty of an excessive anxiety for my son's welfare; say that I am too old to read the world with the accuracy of a youthful intelligence; call me indiscreet: stigmatize me unlucky; the severest sentence a judge"—he bowed to her deferentially—"can utter; only do not cast a gaze of rebuke on me because my labour is for my son, my utmost devotion. And we know, Miss Ilchester, that the princess honours him with her love. I protest in all candour, I treat love as love; not as a weight in the scale: it is the heavenly power which dispenses with weighing! its ascendancy . . ."

The squire could endure no more, and happily so, for my father was losing his remarkably moderated tone, and threatening polysyllables. He had followed Janet, step for step, at a measured distance, drooping towards her with his winningest air, while the old man pulled at her arm to get her out of hearing of the obnoxious flatterer. She kept her long head in profile, trying creditably not to appear discourteous to one who addressed her by showing an open ear, until the final bolt made by the frenzied old man dragged her through the doorway. His neck was shortened behind his collar as though he shrugged from the blast of a bad wind. I believe that, on the whole, Janet was pleased. I will wager that, left to herself, she would have been drawn into an answer, if

not an argument. Nothing would have made her resolution swerve, I admit.

They had not been out of the room three seconds when my aunt Dorothy was called to join them. She had found time to say that she hoped the money was intact.

CHAPTER LIII.

STRANGE REVELATIONS, AND MY GRANDFATHER HAS HIS LAST INNINGS.

My father and I stood at different windows, observing the unconcerned people below.

"Did you scheme to bring Prince Hermann over here as well?" I asked him.

He replied, laughing: "I really am not the wonderful wizard you think me, Richie. I left Prince Ernest's address as mine with Waddy in case the Frau Feld-Marschall should take it into her head to come. Further than that you must question providence, which I humbly thank for its unfailing support, down to unexpected trifles. Only this—to you and to all of them: nothing bends me. I will not be robbed of the fruit of a life-time."

"Supposing I refuse?"

"You refuse, Richie, to restore the princess her character and the prince his serenity of mind at their urgent supplication? I am utterly unable to suppose it. You are married in the papers this morning. I grieve to say that the position of Prince Hermann is supremely ridiculous. I am bound to add he is a bold boy. It requires courage in one of the pretenders to the hand of the princess to undertake the office of intercessor, for he must know—the man must know in his heart that he is doing her no kindness. He does not appeal to me, you see. I have shown that my arrangements are unalterable. What he will make of your grandad! . . . Why on earth he should have been sent to—of all men in the world—your grandad, Richie!"

I was invited to sympathetic smiles of shrewd amusement.

He caught sight of friends, and threw up the window, saluting them.

The squire returned with my aunt Dorothy and Janet to behold the detested man communicating with the outer world from his own rooms. He shouted, unceremoniously, "Shut that window!" and it was easy to see that he had come back heavily armed for the offensive. "Here, Mr. Richmond, I don't want all men to know you're in my apartments."

"I forgot, sir, temporarily," said my father, "I had vacated the rooms for your convenience—most readily be assured."

An explanation on the subject of the rooms ensued between the old man and the ladies;—it did not improve his temper.

His sense of breeding, nevertheless, forced him to remark, "I can't thank you, sir, for putting me under an obligation I should never have incurred myself."

"Oh, I was happy to be of use to the ladies, Mr. Beltham, and require no small coin of exchange," my father responded, with the flourish of a pacifying hand. "I have just heard from a posse of friends that the marriage is signalled in this morning's papers—numberless congratulations, I need not observe."

"No, don't," said the squire. "Nobody'll understand them here, and I needn't ask you to sit down, because I don't want you to stop. I'll soon have done now; the game's played. Here, Harry, quick; has all that money been spent—no offence to you, but as a matter of business?"

"Not all, sir," I was able to say.

"Half?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Three parts?"

"It may be."

"And liabilities besides?"

"There are some."

"You're not a liar. That'll do for you."

He turned to my aunt: her eyes had shut.

"Dorothy, you've sold out twenty-five thousand pounds' worth of stock. You're a truthful woman, as I said, and so I won't treat you like a witness in a box. You gave it to Harry to help him out of his scrape. Why, short of staring lunacy, did you pass it through the hands of this man? He sweated his thousands out of it at the start. Why did you make a secret of it to make the man think his nonsense?—Ma'am, behave like a lady and my daughter," he cried, fronting her, for the sudden and blunt attack had slackened her nerves; she moved as though to escape, and was bewildered. I stood overwhelmed. No wonder she had attempted to break up the scene!

"Tell me your object, Dorothy Beltham, in passing the money through the hands of this man? Were you for helping him to be a man of his word? Help the boy—that I understand. However, you were mistress of your money! I've no right to complain, if you will go spending a fortune to whitewash the blackamoor! Well, it's your own, you'll say! So it is: so's your character!"

The egregious mildness of these interjections could not long be preserved.

"You deceived me, ma'am. You wouldn't build schoolhouses, you couldn't subscribe to charities, you acted parsimony, to pamper a scamp and his young scholar! You went to London—you did it in cool blood; you went to your stockbroker, and from the stockbroker to the bank, and you sold out stock to fling away this big sum. I went to the bank on business, and the books were turned over for my name, and there at 'Beltham' I saw quite by chance the cross of the pen, and I saw your folly, ma'am; I saw it all in a shot. I went to the bank on my own

business, mind that. Ha! you know me by this time; I loathe spying: the thing jumped out of the book; I couldn't help seeing. Now I don't reckon how many positive fools go to make one superlative humbug; you're one of the lot, and I've learnt it."

My father airily begged leave to say: "As to positive and superlative, Mr. Beltham, the three degrees of comparison are no longer of service except to the trader. I do not consider them to exist for ladies. Your positive is always particularly open to dispute, and I venture to assert I cap you your superlative ten times over."

He talked the stuff for a diversion, presenting in the midst of us an incongruous image of smiles that filled me with I know not what feelings of angry alienation, until I was somewhat appeased by the idea that he had not apprehended the nature of the words just spoken.

It seemed incredible, yet it was true; it was proved to be so to me by his pricking his ears and his attentive look at the mention of the word prepossessing him in relation to the money: Government.

The squire said something of Government to my aunt Dorothy, with sarcastical emphasis.

As the observation was unnecessary, and was wantonly thrown in by him, she seized on it to escape from her compromising silence: "I know nothing of Government or its ways."

She murmured further, and looked at Janet, who came to her aid, saying; "Grandada, we've had enough talk of money, money! All is done that you wanted done. Stocks, Shares, Banks—we've gone through them all. Please, finish! Please, do. You have only to state what you have heard from Prince Hermann."

Janet gazed in the direction of my father, carefully avoiding my eyes, but evidently anxious to shield my persecuted aunt.

"Speaking of Stocks and Shares, Miss Ilchester," said my father, "I myself would as soon think of walking into a field of scytheblades in full activity, as of dabbling in them. One of the few instances I remember of our Jorian stooping to a pun, is upon the contango: ingenious truly, but objectionable, because a pun. I shall not be guilty of repeating it. The stock-market is the national snapdragon bowl," he says, "and is very amusing upon the Jews; whether quite fairly, Mr. Beltham knows better than I, on my honour."

He appealed lightly to the squire, for thus he danced on the crater's brink, and had for answer,—

"You're a cool scoundrel, Richmond."

"I choose to respect you, rather in spite of yourself, I fear, sir," said my father, bracing up.

"Did you hear my conversation with my daughter?"

"I heard, if I may say so, the lion taking his share of it."

"All roaring, to you, was it?"

"Mr. Beltham, we have our little peculiarities; I am accustomed to think of a steam-vent when I hear you indulging in a sentence of unusual

length, and I hope it is for our good, as I thoroughly believe it is for yours, that you should deliver yourself freely."

"So you tell me; like a stage lacquey!" muttered the old man, with surprising art in caricaturing a weakness in my father's bearing, of which I was cruelly conscious, though his enunciation was flowing. He lost his naturalness through forcing for ease in the teeth of insult.

"Grandada, aunty and I will leave you," said Janet waxing importunate.

"When I've done," said he, facing his victim savagely. "The fellow pretends he didn't understand. She's here to corroborate. Richmond, there, my daughter, Dorothy Beltham, there's the last of your fools and dupes. She's a truthful woman, I'll own, and she'll contradict me if what I say is not the fact. That twenty-five thousand from 'Government' came out of her estate."

"Out of——?"

"Out of——be damned, sir! She's the person who paid it."

"If the 'damns' have set up, you may as well let the ladies go," said I.

He snapped at me like a rabid dog in career.

"She's the person—one of your petticoat 'Government'—who paid—do you hear me, Richmond?—the money to help you to keep your word: to help you to give your balls and dinners too. She—I won't say she told you, and you knew it—she paid it. She sent it through her Mr. Bannerbridge. Do you understand now? *You* had it from *her*. My God! look at the fellow!"

A dreadful gape of stupefaction had usurped the smiles on my father's countenance; his eyes rolled over, he tried to articulate, and was indeed a spectacle for an enemy. His convulsed frame rocked the syllables, as with a groan, unpleasant to hear, he called on my aunt Dorothy by successive stammering apostrophes to explain, spreading his hands wide. He called out her Christian name. Her face was bloodless.

"Address my daughter respectfully, sir, will you! I won't have your infernal familiarities!" roared the squire.

"He is my brother-in-law," said Dorothy, reposing on the courage of her blood, now that the worst had been spoken. "Forgive me, Mr. Richmond, for having secretly induced you to accept the loan from me."

"Loan!" interjected the squire. "They fell upon it like a pair of kites. You'll find the last ghost of a bone of your loan in a bill, and well picked. They've been doing their bills: I've heard that."

My father touched the points of his fingers on his forehead, straining to think, too theatrically, but in hard earnest, I believe. He seemed to be rising on tiptoe.

"Oh, madam! Dear lady! my friend! Dorothy! my sister! Better a thousand times that I had married, though I shrank from a heartless union! This money?—it is not——"

The old man broke in: "Are you going to be a damned low vulgar

comedian and tale of a trumpet up to the end, you Richmond? Don't think you'll gain anything by standing there as if you were jumping your trunk from a shark. Come, sir, you're in a gentleman's rooms; don't pitch your voice like a young jackanapes blowing into a horn. Your gasps and your spasms, and howl of a yawning brute! Keep your menagerie performances for your pantomime audiences. What are you meaning? Do you pretend you're astonished? She's not the first fool of a woman whose money you've devoured, with your 'Madam,' and 'My dear,' and mouthing and elbowing your comedy tricks; your gabble of 'Government' protection, and scandalous advertisements of the by-blow of a star-coated rapscallion. If you've a recollection of the man in you, show your back, and be off, say you've fought against odds—I don't doubt you have, counting the constables—and own you're a villain; plead guilty, and be off, and be silent, and do no more harm. Is it 'Government' still?"

My aunt Dorothy had come round to me. She clutched my arm to restrain me from speaking, whispering: "Harry, you can't save him. Think of your own head."

She made me irresolute, and I was too late to check my father from falling into the trap.

"Oh! Mr. Beltham," he said, "you are hard, sir. I put it to you: had you been in receipt of a secret subsidy from Government for a long course of years——"

"How long?" the squire interrupted.

Prompt though he would have been to dismiss the hateful person, he was not, one could see, displeased to use the whip upon so excitable and responsive a frame. He seemed to me to be basely guilty of leading his victim on to expose himself farther.

"There's no necessity for 'how long,'" I said.

The old man kept the question on his face.

My father reflected.

"I have to hit my memory, I am shattered, sir. I say, you would be justified, amply justified——"

"How long?" was reiterated.

"I can at least date it from the period of my marriage."

"From the date when your scoundrelism first touches my family, that's to say! So, 'Government' agreed to give you a stipend to support your wife!"

"Mr. Beltham, I breathe with difficulty. It was at that period, on the death of a nobleman interested in restraining me—I was his debtor for kindnesses. . . . my head is whirling! I say, at that period, upon the recommendation of friends of high standing, I began to agitate for the restitution of my rights. From infancy——"

"To the deuce, your infancy! I know too much about your age. Just hark, you Richmond! none of your 'I was a child' to provoke compassion from women. I mean to knock you down and make you incapable of hurting these poor foreign people you trapped. They defy you, and

I'll do my best to draw your teeth. Now for the annuity. You want one to believe you thought you frightened 'Government,' eh?"

"Annual proof was afforded me, sir."

"Oh! annual! through Mr. Charles Adolphus Bannerbridge, deceased!"

Janet stepped up to my aunt Dorothy to persuade her to leave the room, but she declined, and hung by me, to keep me out of danger, as she hoped, and she prompted me with a guarding nervous squeeze of her hand on my arm to answer temperately when I was questioned: "Harry, do you suspect Government paid that annuity?"

"Not now, certainly."

"Tell the man who 'tis you suspect."

My aunt Dorothy said: "Harry is not bound to mention his suspicions."

"Tell him yourself, then."

"Does it matter——?"

"Yes, it matters. I'll break every plank he walks on, and strip him stark till he flops down shivering into his slough—a convicted common swindler, with his dinners and balls and his private bands! Richmond, you killed one of my daughters; t'other fed you, through her agent, this Mr. Charles Adolphus Bannerbridge, from about the date of your snaring my poor girl and carrying her off behind your postilions—your trotting undertakers!—and the hours of her life reckoned in milestones. She's here to contradict me, if she can. Dorothy Beltham was your 'Government' that paid the annuity."

I took Dorothy Beltham into my arms. She was trembling excessively, yet found time to say: "Bear up, dearest; keep still." All I thought and felt foundered in tears.

For a while I heard little distinctly of the tremendous tirade which the vindictive old man, rendered thrice venomous by the immobility of the petrified large figure opposed to him, poured forth. My poor father did not speak because he could not; his arms drooped; he reminded me of the figure he had sketched to Temple of the man under the house-spout, he looked so resigned to his drenching: and such was the torrent of attack, with its free play of thunder and lightning in the form of oaths, epithets, short and sharp comparisons, bitter home-thrusts and most vehement imprecatory denunciations, that our protesting voices quailed. Janet plucked at my aunt Dorothy's dress to bear her away.

"I can't leave my father," I said.

"Nor I you, dear," said the tender woman; and so we remained to be scourged by this tongue of incarnate rage.

"You pensioner of a silly country spinster!" sounded like a return to mildness. My father's chest heaved up.

I took advantage of the lull to make myself heard: I did but heap fuel on fire, though the old man's splenetic impetus had partly abated.

"You Richmond! do you hear him? he swears he's your son, and

asks to be tied to the stake beside you. Disown him, and I'll pay you money and thank you. I'll thank my God for anything instead of your foul blood in the family. You married the boy's mother to craze and kill her, and guttle her property. You waited for the boy to come of age to swallow what was settled on him. You wait for me to lie in my coffin to pounce on the strong-box you think me the fool to toss to a young donkey ready to ruin all his belongings for you! For nine-and-twenty years you've sucked the veins of my family, and struck through my house like a rotting-disease. Nine-and-twenty years ago you gave a singlession in my house: the pest has been in it ever since! You breed vermin in the brain, to think of you! Your wife, your son, your dupes, every soul that touches you, mildews from a blight! You were born of ropery, and you go at it straight, like a webfoot to water. What's your boast?—your mother's disgrace! You shame your mother. Your whole life's a ballad o' bastardy. You ery up the woman's infamy to hook at a father. You swell and strut on her pickings. You're a cock forced from the smoke of the dunghill! You shame your mother, damned adventurer! You train your boy for a swindler after your own pattern; you twirl him in your curst harlequinade to a damnation as sure as your own. The day you crossed my threshold the devils danced on their flooring. I've never seen the sun shine fair on me after it. With your guitar under the windows, of moonlight nights! your Spanish fopperies and trickeries! your French phrases and toeings! I was touched by a leper. You set your traps for both my girls: you caught the brown one first, did you, and flung her second for t'other, and drove a tandem of 'em to live the spangled hog you are; and down went the mother of the boy to the place she liked better, and my other girl here—the one you cheated for her salvation—you tried to cajole her from home and me, to send her the same way down. She stuck to decency. Good Lord! you threatened to hang yourself, guitar and all. But her purse served your turn. For why? You're a leech. I speak before ladies or I'd rip your town-life to shreds. Your cause! your romantic history! your fine figure! every inch of you's notched with villany! You fasten on every moneyed woman that comes in your way. You've outdone Herod in murdering the innocents, for he didn't feed on 'em and they've made you fat. One thing I'll say of you: you look the beastly thing you set yourself up for. The kindest blow to you's to call you impostor."

He paused, but his inordinate passion of speech was unsated: his white lips hung loose for another eruption.

I broke from my aunt Dorothy to cross over to my father, saying on the way: "We've heard enough, sir. You forget the cardinal point of invective, which is, not to create sympathy for the person you assail."

"Oh! you come in with your infernal fine language, do you!" the old man thundered at me. "I'll just tell you at once, young fellow—"

My aunt Dorothy supplicated his attention. "One error I must

correct." Her voice issued from a contracted throat, and was painfully thin and straining, as though the will to speak did violence to her weaker nature. "My sister loved Mr. Richmond. It was to save her life, because I believed she loved him much and would have died, that Mr. Richmond—in pity—offered her his hand, at my wish:" she bent her head: "at my cost. It was done for me. I wished it; he obeyed me. No blame——" her dear mouth faltered. "I am to be accused, if anybody."

She added more firmly: "My money would have been his. I hoped to spare his feelings, I beg his forgiveness now, by devoting some of it, unknown to him, to assist him. That was chiefly to please myself, I see, and I am punished."

"Well, ma'am," said the squire, calm at white heat; "a fool's confession ought to be heard out to the end. What about the twenty-five thousand?"

"I hoped to help my Harry."

"Why didn't you do it openly?"

She breathed audible long breaths before she could summon courage to say: "His father was going to make an irreparable sacrifice. I feared that if he knew this money came from me he would reject it, and persist."

Had she disliked the idea of my father's marrying?

The old man pounced on the word sacrifice. "What sacrifice, ma'am? What's the sacrifice?"

I perceived that she could not without anguish, and perhaps peril of a further exposure, bring herself to speak, and explained: "It relates to my having tried to persuade my father to marry a very wealthy lady, so that he might produce the money on the day appointed. Rail at me, sir, as much as you like. If you can't understand the circumstances without a chapter of statements, I'm sorry for you. A great deal is due to you, I know, but I can't pay a jot of it while you go on rating my father like a madman. A madman? it's rather a compliment to Bedlam."

"Harry!" either my aunt or Janet breathed a warning.

I replied that I was past mincing phrases. The folly of giving the tongue an airing was upon me: I was in fact invited to continue, and animated to do it thoroughly, by the old man's expression of face, which was that of one who says, "I give you rope," and I dealt him a liberal amount of stock irony not worth repeating; things that any cultivated man in anger can drill and sting the Boeotian with, under the delusion that he has not lost a particle of his self-command because of his coolness. I spoke very deliberately, and therefore supposed that the words of composition were those of prudent sense. The error was manifest. The women saw it. One who has indulged his soul in invective will not, if he has power in his hand, be robbed of his climax with impunity by a cool response that seems to trifle, and scourges.

I wound up by thanking my father for his devotion to me: I deemed

it, I said, excessive and mistaken in the recent instance, but it was for me.

Upon this he awoke from his dreamy-looking stupefaction.

"Richie does me justice. He is my dear boy. He loves me : I love him. None can cheat us of that. He loves his wreck of a father. You have struck me to your feet, Mr. Beltham."

"I don't want to see you there, sir ; I want to see you go, and not stand rapping your breast-bone, sounding like a burst drum, as you are," retorted the unappeasable old man.

I begged him in exasperation to keep his similes to himself.

Janet and my aunt Dorothy raised their voices.

My father said : "I am broken."

He put out a swimming hand that trembled when it rested, like that of an aged man grasping a staff. I feared for a moment he was acting, he spoke so like himself, miserable though he appeared : but it was his well-known native old style in a state of decrepitude.

"I am broken," he repeated. "I am like the ancient figure of mortality entering the mouth of the tomb on a sepulchral monument, somewhere, by a celebrated sculptor : I have seen it : I forget the city. I shall presently forget names of men. It is not your abuse, Mr. Beltham. I should have bowed my head to it till the storm passed. Your facts. . . . Oh ! Miss Beltham, this last privilege to call you dearest of human beings ! my benefactress ! my blessing ! Do not scorn me, madam."

"I never did ; I never will ; I pitied you," she cried, sobbing.

The squire stamped his foot.

"Madam," my father bowed gently, "I was under heaven's special protection. I thought so. I feel I have been robbed—I have not deserved it ! Oh ! madam, no : it was your generosity that I did not deserve. One of the angels of heaven persuaded me to trust in it. I did not know. . . . Adieu, madam. May I be worthy to meet you !—Ay, Mr. Beltham, your facts have committed the death-wound. You have taken the staff out of my hand : you have extinguished the light. I have existed—ay, a pensioner, unknowingly, on this dear lady's charity ; to her I say no more. To you, sir, by all that is most sacred to a man—by the ashes of my mother ! by the prospects of my boy ! I swear the annuity was in my belief a tangible token that my claims to consideration were in the highest sources acknowledged to be just. I cannot speak ! One word to you, Mr. Beltham : put me aside, I am nothing :—Harry Richmond !—his fortunes are not lost ; he has a future ! I entreat you—he is your grandson—give him your support ; go this instant to the prince—no ! you will not deny your countenance to Harry Richmond :—let him abjure my name ; let me be nameless in his house. And I promise you I shall be unheard of both in Christendom and Heathendom : I have no heart except for my boy's nuptials with the princess : this one thing, to see him the husband of the fairest and noblest lady upon earth, with all the life remaining in me I

pray for! I have won it for him. I have a moderate ability, immense devotion. I declare to you, sir, I have lived, actually subsisted, on this hope! and I have directed my efforts incessantly, sleeplessly, to fortify it. I die to do it!—I implore you, sir, go to the prince. If I” (he said this touchingly)—“if I am any further in anybody’s way, it is only as a fallen tree.” But his inveterate fancifulness led him to add: “And that may bridge a cataract.”

My grandfather had been clearing his throat two or three times.

“I’m ready to finish and get rid of you, Richmond.”

My father bowed.

“I am gone, sir. I feel I am all but tongue-tied. Think that it is Harry who petitions you to ensure his happiness. To-day I guarantee it.”

The old man turned an inquiring eyebrow upon me. Janet laid her hand on him. He dismissed the feline instinct to prolong our torture, and delivered himself briskly.

“Richmond, your last little bit of villany’s broken in the egg. I separate the boy from you: he’s not your accomplice there, I’m glad to know. You witched the lady over to pounce on her like a fowler, you threatened her father with a scandal, if he thought proper to force the trap; swore you’d toss her to be plucked by the gossips, eh? She’s free of you! You got your English and your Germans here to point their bills, and stretch their necks, and hiss, if this gentleman—and your newspapers!—if he didn’t give up to you like a funky traveller to a highwayman. I remember a tale of a clumsy Turpin, who shot himself when he was drawing the pistol out of his holsters to frighten the money-bag out of a marketing farmer. You’ve done about the same, you Richmond; and, of all the damned poor speeches I ever heard from a convicted felon, yours is the worst—a sheared sheep’d ha’ done it more respectably, grant the beast a tongue! The lady is free of you, I tell you. Harry has to thank you for that kindness. She—what is it, Janet? Never mind, I’ve got the story—she didn’t want to marry; but this prince, who called on me just now, happened to be her father’s nominee, and he heard of your scoundrelism, and he behaved like a man and a gentleman, and offered himself, none too early nor too late, as it turns out; and the princess, like a good girl, has made amends to her father by accepting him. I’ve the word of this Prince Hermann for it. Now you can look upon a game of stale-mate. If I had gone to the prince, it wouldn’t have been to back your play; but, if you hadn’t been guilty of the tricks of a blackguard past praying for, this princess would never have been obliged to marry a man to protect her father and herself. They sent him here to stop any misunderstanding. He speaks good English, so that’s certain. Your lies will be contradicted, every one of ’em, seriatim, in to-morrow’s newspapers, setting the real man in place of the wrong one; and you’ll draw no profit from them in your fashionable world, where you’ve been grinning lately, like a blackamoor’s head on a

conjuror's plate—the devil alone able to account for the body and joinings. Now you can be off."

I went up to my father. His plight was more desperate than mine, for I had resembled the condemned before the firing-party, to whom the expected bullet brings a merely physical shock. He, poor man, heard his sentence, which is the heart's pang of death; and how fondly and rootedly he had clung to the idea of my marriage with the princess was shown in his extinction after this blow.

My grandfather chose the moment as a fitting one to ask me for the last time to take my side.

I replied quietly, and without offence in the tones of my voice, that I thought my father need not lose me into the bargain, after what he had suffered that day.

He just as quietly rejoined with a recommendation to me to divorce myself for good and all from a scoundrel.

I took my father's arm: he was not in a state to move away unsupported.

My aunt Dorothy stood weeping; Janet was at the window, no friend to either of us.

I said to her, "You have your wish."

She shook her head, but did not look back.

My grandfather watched me, step by step, until I had reached the door.

"You're going, are you?" he said. "Then I whistle you off my fingers!"

An attempt to speak was made by my father in the doorway. He bowed wide of the company, like a blind man. I led him out.

Dimness of sight spared me from seeing certain figures, which were at the toll-bar of the pier, on the way to quit our shores. What I heard was not of a character to give me faith in the sanity of the companion I had chosen. He murmured it at first to himself.

"Waddy shall have her monument."

My patience was not proof against the repetition of it aloud to me. Had I been gentler I might have known that his nature was compelled to look forward to something, and he discerned nothing in the future, save the task of raising a memorial to a faithful servant.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE HEIRESS PROVES THAT SHE INHERITS THE FEUD AND I GO DRIFTING.

My grandfather lived eight months after a scene that had afforded him high gratification at the heaviest cost a plain man can pay for his pleasures: it killed him.

My father's supple nature helped him to survive it in apparently un-

impeded health, so that the world might well suppose him unconquerable, as he meant that it should. But I, who was with him, knew, though he never talked of his wounds, they had been driven into his heart. He collapsed in speech, and became what he used to call "one of the ordinary nodding men," forsaken of his swamping initiative. I merely observed him; I did not invite his confidences, being myself in no mood to give sympathy or to receive it. I was about as tender in my care of him as a military escort bound to deliver up a captive alive.

I left him at Bulsted on my way to London to face the creditors. Adversity had not lowered the admiration of the captain and his wife for the magnificent host of those select and lofty entertainments which I was led by my errand to examine in the skeleton, and with a wonder as big as theirs, but of another complexion. They hung about him, and perused and petted him quaintly; it was grotesque; they thought him deeply injured: by what, by whom, they could not say; but Julia was disappointed in me for refraining to come out with a sally on his behalf. He had quite intoxicated their imaginations. Julia told me of the things he did not do as marvellingly as of the things he did or had done; the charm, it seemed, was to find herself familiar with him to the extent of all but nursing him and making him belong to her. Pilgrims coming upon the source of the mysteriously-abounding river, hardly revere it the less because they love it more when they behold the babbling channels it issues from; and the sense of possession is the secret, I suppose. Julia could inform me rapturously that her charge had slept eighteen hours at a spell. His remarks upon the proposal to fetch a doctor, feeble in themselves, were delicious to her, because they recalled his old humour to show his great spirit, and from her and from Captain William in turn I was condemned to hear how he had said this and that of the doctor, which in my opinion might have been more concise. "Really, deuced good indeed!" Captain William would exclaim. "Don't you see it, Harry, my boy? He denies the doctor has a right to cast him out of the world on account of his having been the official to introduce him, and he'll only consent to be visited when he happens to be as incapable of resisting as upon their very first encounter."

The doctor and death and marriage, I ventured to remind the captain, had been riddled in this fashion by the whole army of humourists and their echoes. He and Julia fancied me cold to my father's merits. Fond as they were of the squire, they declared war against him in private, they criticised Janet, they thought my aunt Dorothy slightly wrong in making a secret of her good deed: my father was the victim. Their unabated warmth consoled me in the bitterest of seasons. He found a home with them at a time when there would have been a battle at every step. The world soon knew that my grandfather had cast me off, and with this foundation destroyed, the entire fabric of the Grand Parade fell to the ground at once. The crash was heavy. Jorian DeWitt said truly that what a man hates in adversity is to see "faces;" meaning that the

humanity has gone out of them in their curious observation of you under misfortune. You see neither friends nor enemies. You are too sensitive for friends, and are blunted against enemies. You see but the mask of faces : my father was sheltered from that. Julia consulted his wishes in everything ; she set traps to catch his whims, and treated them as birds of paradise ; she could submit to have the toppling crumpled figure of a man, Bagenhope, his pensioner and singular comforter, in her house. The little creature was fetched out of his haunts in London purposely to soothe my father with performances on his ancient clarionet, a most querulous plaintive instrument in his discoursing, almost the length of himself ; and she endured the nightly sound of it in the guest's blue bedroom, heroically patient, a model to me. Bagenhope drank drams : she allowanced him. He had known my father's mother, and could talk of her in his cups : his playing, and his aged tunes, my father said, were a certification to him that he was at the bottom of the ladder. Why that should afford him peculiar comfort, none of us could comprehend. "He was the humble lover of my mother, Richie," I heard with some confusion, and that he adored her memory. The statement was part of an entreaty to me to provide liberally for Bagenhope's pension before we quitted England. "I am not seriously anxious for much else," said my father. Yet was he fully conscious of the defeat he had sustained and the catastrophe he had brought down upon me : his touch of my hand told me that, and his desire for darkness and sleep. He had nothing to look to, nothing to see twinkling its radiance for him in the dim distance now ; no propitiating government, no special providence. But he never once put on a sorrowful air to press for pathos, and I thanked him. He was a man endowed to excite it in the most effective manner, to a degree fearful enough to win English sympathies despite his un-English faults. He could have drawn tears in floods, infinite pathetic commiseration, from our grangousier public, whose taste is to have it as it may be had to the mixture of one-third of nature in two-thirds of artifice. I believe he was expected to go about with this beggar's petition for compassion, and it was a disappointment to the generous, for which they punished him, that he should have abstained. And moreover his simple quietude was really touching to true-hearted people. The elements of pathos do not permit of their being dispensed from a stout smoking bowl. I have to record no pathetic field-day. My father was never insincere in emotion.

I spared his friends, chums, associates, excellent men of a kind, the trial of their attachment by shunning them. His servants I dismissed personally, from M. Alphonse down to the coachman Jeremy, whose speech to me was, that he should be happy to serve my father again, or me, if he should happen to be out of a situation when either of us wanted him, which at least showed his preference for employment : on the other hand, Alphonse, embracing the grand extremes of his stereotyped national oratory, where "*SI JAMAIS*," like the herald Mercury new-mounting, takes its august flight to set in the splendour of "*JUSQU'À LA MORT*," declared

all other service than my father's repugnant, and vowed himself to a hermitage, remote from condiments. They both meant well, and did but speak the diverse language of their blood. Mrs. Waddy withdrew a respite heart to Dipwell; it being, according to her experiences, the third time that my father had relinquished house and furniture to go into eclipse on the continent after blazing over London. She strongly recommended the continent for a place of restoration, citing his likeness to that animal the chameleon, in the readiness with which he forgot himself among them that knew nothing of him. We quitted Bulsted previous to the return of the family to Riversley. My grandfather lay at the island hotel a month, and was brought home desperately ill. Lady Edbury happened to cross the channel with us. She behaved badly, I thought; foolishly, my father said. She did as much as obliqueness of vision and sharpness of feature could help her to do to cut him in the presence of her party: and he would not take nay. It seemed in very bad taste on his part; he explained to me off-handedly that he insisted upon the exchange of a word or two for the single purpose of protecting her from calumny. By and by it grew more explicable to me how witless she had been to give gossip a handle in the effort to escape it. She sent for him in Paris, but he did pay the visit.

My grandfather and I never saw one another again. He had news of me from various quarters, and I of him from one; I was leading a life in marked contrast with the homely Riversley circle of days: and this likewise was set in the count of charges against my father. Our continental pilgrimage ended in a course of riotousness that he did not participate in, and was entirely innocent of, but was held accountable for, because he had been judged a sinner.

"I am ordered to say," Janet wrote, scrupulously obeying the order, "that if you will leave Paris and come home, and not delay in doing it, your grandfather will receive you on the same footing as heretofore."

As heretofore! in a letter from a young woman supposed to nourish a softness towards me!

I could not leave my father in Paris, alone; I dared not bring him to London. In wrath at what I remembered, I replied that I was willing to return to Riversley if my father should find a welcome as well. The correspondence ceased absolutely.

Janet's formal, stiff, spiritless writing produced the effect on the mind of a series of maxims done in round-hand. How different were they from the chirruping rosy notes of Jenny Chassediane, a songstress in prose! I compared them, and yelled derision of the austere and frozen, graceless women of my country. Good-night to them! Jenny met me when I was as low as a young man can imagine himself to fall, or the nether floors of mortal life to extend. All but at one blow disinherited by my grandfather, unseated for Parliament, discarded of the soul I loved, I was perfectly stripped: which state presents to a young man's logical sensations a sufficient argument for beginning life again upon the first pattern that offers.

I determined to live, as we say when we are wasting life. It is burlesque to write that my Ilium was in flames, but it was heavy fact that I had Anchises on my back. Forked heads of the Hydra, Credit, glared horrid in the background; scandal devoured our reputations; our history was common property for any publisher, with any amount of embellishments. These things were a terrible conflagration to gaze behind upon. The future appeared under no direction of celestial powers, but merely a straight way paved with my poor old Sewis's legacy to the edge of a cliff. My father meanwhile lived almost in solitude, in complete obscurity, blameless towards me certainly; I had robbed him of his friend Jorian, and his one daily course was from our suite of rooms to his second-class restaurant and back: a melancholy existence, I thought. He declared it to be the contrary, and that he had no difficulty whatever in wearing that air of cheerfulness which, according to his dictum, "it should be a man's principle of duty to wear in contempt of rain and thunder, as though it were his nuptial morning—even under sentence of death."

I might as well have been at the Riversley death-bed.

Janet sent a few dry lines to summon me over in April, a pleasant month on heath-lands when the south-west sweeps them. I dropped my father at Bulsted, where we heard that the squire was dead. I could have sworn to the terms of the Will; Mr. Burgin had little to teach me. Janet was the heiress: three thousand pounds per annum fell to the lot of Harry Lepel Richmond, to be paid out of the estate, and pass in reversion to his children, or to Janet's, should the aforesaid Harry die childless.

I was hard hit, and chagrined, but I was not at all angry, for I knew what the will meant. My aunt Dorothy supplied the interlining eagerly to mollify the seeming cruelty. "You have only to ask to have it all, Harry." The sturdy squire had done his utmost to forward his cherished wishes after death. My aunt received five-and-twenty thousand pounds, the sum she had thrown away. "I promised that no money of mine should go where the other went," she said, and intimated that my father's behaviour in Paris would not make the promise difficult to keep. I could not persuade her of his innocence.

The surprise in store for me was to find how much this rough-worded old man had been liked by his tenantry, his agents, and servants. I spoke of it to Janet. "They loved him," she said. "No one who ever met him fairly could help loving him." They followed him to his grave in a body. From what I chanced to hear among them, their squire was the man of their hearts; in short, an Englishman of the kind which is perpetually perishing out of the land. Janet expected me to be enthusiastic likewise, or remorseful. She expected sympathy; she read me the long list of his charities. I was reminded of Julia Bulsted commenting on my father, with her this he did and that. "He had plenty," I said, and Janet shut her lips. Her coldness was irritating.

What ground of accusation had she against me? Our situation had become so delicate that a cold breath sundered us as far as the Poles. I

was at liberty to suspect that now she was the heiress, her mind was simply obedient to her granddada's wish ; but, as I told my aunt Dorothy, I would not do her that injustice.

"No," said Dorothy ; "it is the money that makes *her* position so difficult, unless you break the ice."

I urged that having steadily refused her before, I could hardly advance without some invitation now.

"What invitation ?" said my aunt.

"Not a corpse-like consent," said I.

"Harry," she twitted me, "you have not forgiven her."

That was true.

Sir Roderick and Lady Ilchester did not conceal their elation at their daughter's vast inheritance, though the lady appealed to my feelings in stating that her son Charles was not mentioned in the Will. Sir Roderick talked of the squire with personal pride :—"Now as to his management of those unwieldy men, his miners : they sent him up the items of their complaints. He took them one by one, yielding here, discussing there, and holding to his point. So the men gave way ; he sent them a month's pay to reward them for their good sense. He had the art of moulding the men who served him in his own likeness. His capacity for business was extraordinary ; you never expected it of a country gentleman. He more than quadrupled his inheritance—much more !" I state it to the worthy Baronet's honour, that although it would have been immensely to his satisfaction to see his daughter attracting the suitor proper to an heiress of such magnitude, he did not attempt to impose restrictions upon my interviews with Janet : Riversley was mentioned as my home. I tried to feel at home ; the air of the place seemed foreign, and so did Janet. I attributed it partly to her deep mourning dress that robed her in so sedate a womanliness, partly, in spite of myself, to her wealth. "Speak to her kindly of your grandfather," said my aunt Dorothy. To do so, however, as she desired it, would be to be guilty of a form of hypocrisy, and I belied my better sentiments by keeping silent. Thus, having ruined myself through anger, I allowed silly sensitiveness to prevent the repair.

It became known that my father was at Bulsted.

I saw trouble one morning on Janet's forehead.

We had a conversation that came near to tenderness ; at last she said : "Will you be able to forgive me if I have ever the misfortune to offend you ?"

"You won't offend me," said I.

She hoped not.

I rallied her.

"Tut, tut, you talk like any twelve-years-old, Janet."

"I offended you, then !"

"Every day ! it's all that I care much to remember."

She looked pleased, but I was so situated that I required passion and abandonment in return for a confession damaging to my pride. Besides,

the school I had been graduating in of late unfitted me for a young English gentlewoman's shades and intervolved descents of emotion. A glance up and a dimple in the cheek, were pretty homely things enough, not the blaze I wanted to unlock me, and absolutely thought I had deserved.

Sir Roderick called her to the library on business, which he was in the habit of doing ten times a day, as well as of discussing matters of business at table, ostentatiously consulting his daughter, with a solemn countenance and a transparently reeling heart of parental exultation. "Janet is supreme," he would say: "my advice is simply advice; I am her chief agent, that is all." Her chief agent, as director of three Companies and chairman of one, was perhaps competent to advise her, he remarked. Her judgment upon ordinary matters he agreed with my grandfather in thinking consummate.

Janet went to him, and shortly afterwards drove him to the station for London. My aunt Dorothy had warned me that she was preparing some deed in my favour, and as I fancied her father to have gone to London for that purpose, and supposed she would now venture to touch on it, I walked away from the east gates of the park as soon as I heard the trot of her ponies, and was led by my evil fate (the stuff the fates are composed of in my instance I have not kept secret) to walk westward. Thither my evil fate propelled me, where accident was ready to espouse it and breed me mortifications innumerable. My father chanced to have heard the particulars of Squire Beltham's will that morning: I believe Captain William's coachman brushed the subject despondently in my interests; it did not reach him through Julia.

He stood outside the western gates, and as I approached I could perceive a labour of excitement on his frame. He pulled violently at the bars of the obstruction.

"Richie, I am interdicted house and grounds!" he called, and waved his hand towards the lodge: "they decline to open to me."

"Were you denied admission?" I asked him.

"—'Your name, if you please, sir?'—'Mr. Richmond Roy.'—'We are sorry we have orders not to admit you.' And they declined; they would not admit me to see my son."

"Those must be the squire's old orders," I said, and shouted to the lodge-keeper.

My father, with the forethoughtfulness which never forsook him, stopped me.

"No, Richie, no; the good woman shall not have the responsibility of letting me in against orders; she may be risking her place, poor soul! Help me, dear lad."

He climbed the bars to the spikes, tottering, and communicating a convulsion to me as I assisted him in the leap down: no common feat for one of his age and weight.

He leaned on me, quaking.

"Impossible! Richie, impossible!" he cried, and reviewed a series of interjections.

It was some time before I discovered that they related to the Will. He was frenzied, and raved, turning suddenly from red to pale under what I feared were redoubtable symptoms, physical or mental. He came for sight of the Will; he would contest it, overthrow it. Harry ruined? He would see Miss Beltham and fathom the plot;—angel, he called her, and was absurdly exclamatory, but in dire earnest. He must have had the appearance of a drunken man to persons observing him from the Grange windows.

My father was refused admission at the hall-doors.

The butler, the brute Sillabin, withstood me impassively.

Whose orders had he?

Miss Ilchester's.

"They are afraid of me!" my father thundered.

I sent a message to Janet.

She was not long in coming, followed by a footman who handed a twist of note-paper from my aunt Dorothy to my father. He opened it and made believe to read it, muttering all the while of the Will.

Janet dismissed the men-servants. She was quite colourless.

"We have been stopped in the doorway," I said.

She answered: "I wish it could have been prevented."

"You take it on yourself then?"

She was inaudible.

"My dear Janet, you call Riversley my home, don't you?"

"It is yours."

"Do you intend to keep up this hateful feud now my grandfather is dead?"

"No, Harry, not I."

"Did you give orders to stop my father from entering the house and grounds?"

"I did."

"You won't have him here?"

"Dear Harry, I hoped he would not come just yet."

"But you gave the orders?"

"Yes."

"You're rather incomprehensible, my dear Janet."

"I wish you could understand me, Harry."

"You arm your servants against him!"

"In a few days——" she faltered.

"You insult him and me *now*," said I, enraged at the half indication of her relenting, which spoiled her look of modestly-resolute beauty, and seemed to show that she meant to succumb without letting me break her.

"You are mistress of the place."

"I am. I wish I were not."

"You are mistress of Riversley, and you refuse to let my father come in!"

"While I am the mistress, yes."

"Why?"

"Anywhere but here, Harry! If he will see me, or aunty, if he will kindly appoint any other place, we will meet him, we shall be glad."

"I request you to let him enter the house. Do you consent or not?"

"No."

"He was refused once at these doors. Do you refuse him a second time?"

"I do."

"You mean that?"

"I am obliged to."

"You won't yield a step to me?"

"I cannot."

The spirit of an armed champion was behind those mild features, soft almost to supplication to me that I might know her to be under a constraint. The nether lip dropped in breathing, the eyes wavered: such was her appearance in open war with me, but her will was firm.

Of course I was not so dense as to be unable to perceive her grounds for refusing.

She would not throw the burden on her grandada, even to propitiate me—the man she still loved.

But that she should have a reason, and think it good, in spite of me, and cling to it, defying me, and that she should do hurt to a sentient human creature, who was my father, for the sake of blindly obeying to the letter the injunction of the dead, were intolerable offences to me and common humanity. I, for my own part, would have forgiven her, as I congratulated myself upon reflecting. It was on her account—to open her mind, to enlighten her concerning right and wrong determination, to bring her feelings to bear upon a crude judgment—that I condescended to argue the case. Smarting with admiration, both of the depths and shallows of her character, and of her fine figure, I began:—She was to consider how young she was to pretend to decide on the balance of duties, how little of the world she had seen; an oath sworn at the bedside of the dead was a solemn thing, but was it Christian to keep it to do an unnecessary cruelty to the living? if she had not studied philosophy, she might at least discern the difference between just resolves and insane—between those the soul sanctioned, and those hateful to nature; to bind oneself to carry on another person's vindictiveness was voluntarily to adopt slavery; this was flatly-avowed insanity, and so forth, with an emphatic display of patience.

The truth of my words could not be controverted. Unhappily, I confounded right speaking with right acting, and conceived, because I spoke so justly, that I was specially approved in pressing her to yield.

She broke the first pause to say, "It's useless, Harry. I do what I think I am bound to do."

"Then I have spoken to no purpose?"

"If you will only be kind, and wait two or three days?"

"Be sensible!"

"I am, as much as I can be."

"Hard as a flint—you always were! The most grateful woman alive, I admit. I know not another, I assure you, Janet, who, in return for ten, twenty millions of money, would do such a piece of wanton cruelty. What! You think he was not punished enough when he was berated and torn to shreds in your presence? They would be cruel, perhaps—we will suppose it of your sex—but not so fond of their consciences as to stamp a life out to keep an oath. I forget the terms of the Will. Were you enjoined in it to force him away?"

My father had stationed himself in the background. Mention of the Will caught his ears, and he commenced shaking my aunt Dorothy's note, blinking and muttering at a great rate, and pressing his temples.

"I do not read a word of this," he said,—“upon my honour, not a word; and I know it is her handwriting. That Will!—only, for the love of heaven, madam,”—he bowed vaguely to Janet—“not a syllable of this to the princess, or we are destroyed. I have a great bell in my head, or I would say more. Hearing is out of the question.”

Janet gazed piteously from him to me.

To kill the deer and be sorry for the suffering wretch is common.

I begged my father to walk along the carriage-drive. He required that the direction should be pointed out accurately, and promptly obeyed me, saying: “I back you, remember. I should certainly be asleep now but for this extraordinary bell.” After going some steps, he turned to shout “Gong,” and touched his ear. He walked loosely, utterly unlike the walk habitual to him even recently in Paris.

“Has he been ill?” Janet asked.

“He won’t see the doctor; the symptoms threaten apoplexy or paralysis, I’m told. Let us finish. You were aware that you were to inherit Riversley?”

“Yes, Riversley, Harry; I knew that; I knew nothing else.”

“The old place was left to you that you might bar my father out?”

“I gave my word.”

“You pledged it—swore?”

“No.”

“Well, you’ve done your worst, my dear. If the axe were to fall on your neck for it, you would still refuse, would you not?”

Janet answered softly: “I believe so.”

“Then, good by,” said I.

That feminine softness and its burden of unalterable firmness pulled me two ways, angering me all the more that I should feel myself susceptible to a charm which came of spiritual rawness rather than sweetness; for she needed not to have made the answer in such a manner; there

was pride in it; she liked the soft sound of her voice while declaring herself invincible: I could see her picturing herself meek but fixed.

"Will you go, Harry? Will you not take Riversley?" she said.

I laughed.

"To spare you the repetition of the dilemma?"

"No, Harry; but this might be done."

"But—my fullest thanks to you for your generosity: really! I speak in earnest:—it would be decidedly against your grandada's wishes, seeing that he left the Grange to you, and not to me."

"Grandada's wishes! I cannot carry out all his wishes," she sighed.

"Are you anxious to?"

We were on the delicate ground, as her crimson face revealed to me that she knew as well as I.

I, however, had little delicacy in leading her on it. She might well feel that she deserved some wooing.

I fancied she was going to be overcome, going to tremble and show herself ready to fall on my bosom, and I was uncertain of the amount of magnanimity in store there.

She replied calmly: "Not immediately."

"You are not immediately anxious to fulfil his wishes?"

"Harry, I find it hard to do those that are thrust on me."

"But, as a matter of serious obligation, you would hold yourself bound by and by to perform them all?"

"I cannot speak any further of my willingness, Harry."

"The sense of duty is evidently always sufficient to make you act upon the negative—to deny, at least?"

"Yes, I daresay," said Janet.

We shook hands like a pair of commercial men.

I led my father to Bulsted. He was too feverish to remain there. In the evening, after having had a fruitless conversation with my aunt Dorothy upon the event of the day, I took him to London that he might visit his lawyers, who kindly consented to treat him like doctors when I had arranged to make over to them three parts of my annuity, and talked of his case encouragingly; the effect of which should not have astonished me. He closed a fit of reverie resembling his drowsiness, by exclaiming: "Richie will be indebted to his dad for his place in the world after all!" Temporarily, he admitted, we must be fugitives from creditors, and as to that eccentric tribe, at once so human and so inhuman, he imparted many curious characteristics gained of his experience. Jorian DeWitt had indeed compared them to the female ivy that would ultimately kill its tree, but inasmuch as they were parasites, they loved their debtor; he was life and support to them, and there was this remarkable fact about him: by slipping out of their clutches at critical moments when they would infallibly be pulling you down, you were enabled to return to them fresh, and they became inspired with another lease of lively faith in your future:

et cætera. I knew the language. It was a flash of himself, and a bad one, but I was not the person whom he meant to deceive with it. He was soon giving me other than verbal proof out of England that he was not thoroughly beaten. We had no home in England. At an hotel in Vienna, upon the close of the aristocratic season there, he renewed an acquaintance with a Russian lady, Countess Kornikoff, and he and I parted. She was middle-aged, rich, laughter-loving, and no stranger to the points of his history which he desired to have notorious. She disliked the Margravine of Rippau, who was in Vienna, and did not recognize us. I heard that it was the Margravine who had despatched Prince Hermann to England as soon as she discovered Ottilia's flight thither. She commissioned him to go straightway to Roy in London, and my father's having infatuatedly left his own address for Prince Ernest's in the island, brought Hermann down: he only met Eckart in the morning train. I mention it to show the strange working of events.

Lady Edbury was in Vienna too. My father's German life and his English were thus brought in reflection upon the episode he was commencing, and as I would not take part in it, and he sprang in one of his later frenzies from the choice of the obscure ways offered him by my companionship, we no longer went together now that there might have been good in it.

Janet sent me a letter by the hands of Temple in August. It was moderately well-written for so blunt a writer, and might have touched me but for other news coming simultaneously that shook the earth under my feet.

She begged my forgiveness for her hardness, adding characteristically that she could never have acted in any other manner. The delusion that what she was she must always be, because it was her nature, had mastered her understanding, or rather it was one of the doors of her understanding not yet opened: she had to respect her grandada's wishes. She made it likewise appear that she was ready for further sacrifices to carry out the same. Very submissive! I could perceive that modesty bewrayed expression, but the want of clearness had a corresponding effect on my sentiments.

"At least you will accept a division of the property, Harry. It should be yours. It is an excess, and I feel it a snare to me. I was a selfish child; I may not become an estimable woman. You have not pardoned my behaviour at the island last year, and I cannot think I was wrong; perhaps I might learn. I want your friendship and counsel. Auntie will live with me: she says that you would complete us. At any rate I transfer Riversley to you. Send me your consent. Papa *will* have it before the transfer is signed."

The letter ended with an adieu, a petition for an answer, and "yours affectionately."

On the day of its date, a Viennese newspaper lying on the Salzburg Hotel table chronicled Ottilia's marriage to Prince Hermann.

I replied in a series of commendably temperate and philosophical lines, as much the expression of my real self as the public execution of a jig on the Salzach Brücke would have been. We two were evidently not only diverse, but adverse, I said. She had a strong will: so had I, and unfortunately our opinions always differed. We would be friends, of course. As to her nature, she would learn that it is the especially human task to discern in what it is bad, and in what it is good, and to shape it ourselves. (I was still more prolix and pedantic than I dare to show: even worse than impertinent. "The dog cannot change its nature: how are we to judge of the dog's master upon that plea?") It was an unpardonable effusion. But one who would write like a high philosopher when he feels like a wounded savage commits these offences. The letter was despatched to do its work.

I then turned on Temple to walk him off his legs if I could.

Carry your fever to the Alps, you of minds diseased: not to sit down in sight of them ruminating, for bodily ease and comfort will trick the soul and set you measuring our lean humanity against yonder sublime and infinite; but mount, rack the limbs, wrestle it out among the peaks; taste danger, sweat, earn rest: learn to discover ungrudgingly that haggard fatigue is the fair vision you have run to earth, and that rest is your uttermost reward. Would you know what it is to hope again, and have all your hopes at hand? Hang upon the crags at a gradient that makes your next step a debate between the thing you are and the thing you may become. There the merry little hopes grow for the climber like flowers and food, immediate, prompt to prove their uses, sufficient if just within the grasp, as mortal hopes should be. How the old lax life closes in about you there! You are the man of your faculties, nothing more. Why should a man pretend to more? We ask it wonderingly when we are healthy. Poetic rhapsodists in the vales below may tell you of the joy and grandeur of the upper regions, they cannot pluck you the medical herb. He gets that for himself who wanders the marshy ledge at nightfall to behold the distant Sennhüttchen twinkle, who leaps the green-eyed crevasses, and in the solitude of an emerald alp stretches a salt hand to the mountain kine.

A Mahometan Revival.

MR. W. W. HUNTER, in his curious and interesting volume called *Our Indian Mussulmans; are they bound in conscience to rebel against the Queen?*—which, by the way, as written by the author of the *Annals of Rural Bengal*, scarcely requires the advertisement of its rather startling title—tells the story of what, under its religious aspect, must be called a Revival among the Mahometans of India. The movement has a very serious political aspect, which we will notice presently: but it is primarily and pre-eminently religious, and it has all the characteristics of the periodical outbursts of enthusiasm familiar to the sects of Protestant Christians which are least under sacerdotal influence. There are certain vague general resemblances between the great religions of India and the great divisions of Western Christianity. It would be offensive and unjust to find any strong similarity between Hindooism and Roman Catholicism; yet the Hindoo system is not so very unlike that debased Italian Christianity upon which Conyers Middleton fastened; there is the same inordinate ceremonialism, and the same unquestioning acceptance of the principle of vicarious mediation; and there are the same overwhelming proofs that the system has absorbed and assimilated to itself an older heathenism. The various local gods of the Hindoos are as obviously idols or fetishes of immemorial antiquity, taken up into the Hindoo religion by the simple expedient of calling them incarnations of Vishnu or Siva, as many of the local Italian saints are the Latin deities of the neighbourhood, each baptized with the name of a Christian martyr. Nor can it be denied that Mahometanism has an air of Puritan Christianity. The entire absence of a priesthood; the simple forms of worship; the deference to the letter of the sacred volume; and, we may add, the strained interpretations of it indulged in by preacher and commentator, are all points of resemblance which cannot be passed over. Most English visitors to an Eastern mosque are conscious of a queer impression that they have seen something like it at home. In the more splendid edifices of the kind the marble carved into delicate lace-work destroys all associations with Ebenezer or Bethel; but in humbler buildings the pulpit or reading-desk, the pavement divided into squares reserved to the several worshippers, the stern suppression of symbolic ornament, the sort of pew which (as Captain Burton has noticed) the wealthy family of the neighbourhood is sometimes allowed to occupy, almost invariably give the feeling that one has strayed into a "place of worship" not very far from one's own parish church. Moreover, Mahometanism shares with the more popularly governed Protestant sects

a liability to periodical revivals of religion. A time comes when all the historical glosses and interpretations which have incrustated the sacred text seem to break away, and when all the compromises by which the principles of the faith have been reconciled to existing facts, begin to excite repugnance or horror. An enthusiasm, almost invariably beginning with some one person, spreads like a contagion among believers; and it is nearly invariably an enthusiasm for restoring the simple literal rule as it appears in the text of the Sacred Book. The radical difference between Mahometanism and Christianity shows itself, not in the process of recurrence to first principles, which is much the same in both cases, but in the character of the principles which it is sought to apply in their integrity. This may be illustrated by the example of Quakerism, the most thorough and famous, and nearly the oldest of Protestant Christian revivals. The peculiar dress of the Quakers, and the fashions of speech for which they found imperative directions in the Bible, have no more interest than the interdiction of tobacco, which the Mahometan Revivalists see clearly written in certain texts of the Koran; but nothing can be more striking than the distinction between the great cardinal rule which the enthusiasts believed themselves in the two cases to have discovered in God's Word. However true it may have been that, as a matter of fact, Christianity was destined to bring into the world not peace, but a sword, nobody can wonder that the Quakers extracted from the text of the New Testament the principle of peace among men. It is quite as natural that the new Mahometan sect should have found among their authorities a positive exhortation to make war under certain circumstances. The absolute duty of sacred war—of what Sir Herbert Edwardes taught Indian officials to call a Crescentade—is in fact the great article of the renovated Mahometan creed.

The contagious enthusiasm of religious revivals is almost always, as we have said, originally generated in some one individual. He is often a person whom it is nearly impossible to respect. It has been rather a trial to modern sentimental admirers of Quakerism that its founder was unquestionably a very vulgar and illiterate fellow. Syud Ahmed, the originator of the Mahometan revival in India, appears to have been—and the contrast with Fox is significant—a very perfect specimen of the violent Oriental blackguard. "He began life," says Mr. Hunter, "as a horse-soldier in the service of a celebrated freebooter, who harried the rich opium-growing villages of Malwa;" but, when the trade of a bandit became dangerous and unprofitable, through the stern order which the great Sikh adventurer and chief, Runjeet Singh, imposed on his Mussulman neighbours, Syud Ahmed "suited himself to the times, gave up robbery, and, about 1816, went to study the sacred law under a doctor of high repute at Delhi." A reputation for devoutness is not, however, quite as easily obtained among Mahometans as in some Christian communities, and Syud Ahmed had to make a pilgrimage to Mecca—about as formidable an undertaking to a native of Upper India as can be well conceived. At Mecca he came under the influences which gave its singularity to his subsequent Indian career. The sacred

city had been only lately recovered by the arms of Mehemet Ali of Egypt from the dominion of that strange sect of reformed Mahometans—the Wahabees—which had been formed a hundred years earlier by the preaching of Abdul Wahab of Nejd. Violently suppressed by a combined effort on the part of all orthodox Islam, they revived after a time sufficiently to form the little Arabian State which attracted so much interest a year or two since through the description of it given by Mr. Palgrave. Still more recently, the advances of this warlike power towards the principalities protected by the English on the Persian Gulf had to be carefully watched by the Indian Government, and at this very moment it is understood to be making a desperate resistance to the flower of the army which the Turkish Sultan has restored to efficiency through the money he has borrowed wholesale in Europe. The peculiar religious doctrines of the Wahabees must have lingered at Mecca when Syud Ahmed was there, for he came back to India not merely invested with the stately spiritual dignity of a returned Mahometan pilgrim, but animated with the fanaticism of a Wahabee propagandist. Immediately after his landing at Bombay he is said to have begun preaching on the special articles of the reformed faith. Among the most striking of these tenets were a rejection of all mediatory agency between God and man, so absolute as even to exclude the mediation of Mahomet himself; a new and professedly more literal interpretation of the text of the Koran; the repudiation of the comparatively few ceremonies and observances which have grown up within the pale of Mahometanism, including the practice of erecting the beautiful tombs which charm the Eastern traveller; and a constant waiting and looking for the appearance of the new Prophet who is to lead the Faithful to victory. With these doctrines, which are made respectable to us by our own religious associations, the original Wahabees coupled a long string of childish and vexatious prohibitions. But, in the preaching of the Indian apostle, all the new opinions, respectable or ridiculous, were practically subordinated to one great article of belief. This was the imperative duty of sacred war against infidel rulers. Nearly all India was under the government of Christians or Hindoos. Of the mighty Mahometan empire, which had once covered the whole country with its shadow, only two considerable fragments remained,—the state governed by the prince called the Nizam in the south, and the kingdom of Oudh in the north, the latter ruled, indeed, by a Mahometan sovereign, but a sovereign who belonged to an heretical sect. No assumption is more distinctly made by the original records of Islam than that, wherever there are Mahometans, they govern the country. There are plenty of texts to regulate the relations between Mahometan rulers and unbelieving subjects; none whatever to define the duty of Mahometan subjects towards an infidel government. A reformer who sought to revive the principles of Mahomet's tendency in their primitive purity, had his attention fixed by the necessity of the case on the great anomaly before his eyes. Mahometans were obeying Christians and Hindoos, and holding their religious privileges by the unholy tenure of infidel toleration

or favour. This was the crying sin and shame which Syud Ahmed and his followers set themselves to denounce. The teaching of the Wahabee missionaries in India came thus to consist in placing an alternative before the faithful—either fight or emigrate. The literal duty of fighting may sometimes be postponed by paying tithes out of your substance to support armies which are being levied for sacred war; but, if you cannot subscribe, you must send your sons to the camp. Mr. Hunter quotes from Wahabee compositions some remarkable passages setting forth the alternative blessings of war or emigration. "Holy war"—it is written in one of these—"sends copious showers at seasonable times, abundant supplies of vegetable produce, good times, so that people are void of care and free from calamities, whilst their property increases in value and there is an increase in the number of learned men, the justness of judges, the conscientiousness of suitors, and the liberality of the rich. These blessings, increased a hundred-fold, are granted when the dignity of the Mahometan religion is upheld, and Mahometan kings, possessing powerful armies, become exalted and promulgate and enforce the Mahometan law in all countries." If, therefore, the Holy War succeeds, there will be no more famines in India, no more judicial corruption, no more fraudulent or unjust litigation. The spiritual advantages of the other branch of the alternative—emigration to an orthodox country—are illustrated by a striking apologue which Mr. Hunter gives at length. An Israelite, after committing the most awful crimes, was warned by a holy man that his lot would be eternal punishment unless he sincerely repented and departed from the land of the infidel. He began his journey, but did not live to complete it, and the Angels of Mercy and Punishment had a contest for his soul. The point in dispute between them was decided by actual measurement. It was found that one foot of the penitent Israelite had crossed the boundary of a kingdom of Islam; and so the dead man was saved.

A good many obscure local disturbances which took place in British India, and particularly in the North-Eastern Provinces, between 1820 and 1850, have now been clearly traced to Wahabee agitation and propagandism, but it was not the British Indian Empire which had to bear the first serious shock from the new religious movement. The system of states united in a compact despotic monarchy by Runjeet Singh were the first object of Syud Ahmed's aggressions. Here, if anywhere, the Mahometans had what, with our ideas, we should call a real grievance. The Sikhs, a body of Hindoo sectaries, had imbibed a stern fanaticism of their own from religious reform, and they dealt out to the Mahometans who dwelt among them pretty much the same treatment which Hindoos had occasionally received in Mahometan states under specially bigoted sovereigns. The Call to Prayer was forbidden, the killing of cows was severely punished. The Mahometans of the Punjab have indeed at this hour the peculiar submissive look of a long-oppressed and down-trodden community. Partly in order to have a base for his operations against the great Sikh chief, and partly, doubtless, to give a point and meaning to the

exhortations of his Indian emissaries on the subject of emigration to the territory of Islam, the Prophet fixed his residence among the mountaineers of the hills on the western side of the Indus. The descriptions of the Scottish Highlanders in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which we owe to the genius of Macaulay and Walter Scott, would be absolutely true of these wild Pathan tribes, but for one great feature of difference. Their religion always sat very lightly on the Highlandmen: the tribes of the trans-Indus mountains are furiously bigoted to Mahometanism. This zeal for religion does little to heal the "blood-feuds" of the Pathan clans, the state of permanent inter-tribal warfare which they have inherited from quarrels and jealousies of immemorial date; but, for the purpose of combining them against a common infidel enemy, it may be turned into a temporary bond of union far stronger than the common devotion to the House of Stuart or common hatred of the House of Argyll, which, from time to time, animated the great Highland confederacies. The new Prophet inflamed the tribes to madness by his preaching. "Their avarice," says Mr. Hunter, "was enlisted by splendid promises of plunder; their religion by the assurance that he was divinely commissioned to extirpate the whole infidel world, from the Sikhs even unto the Chinese." Some of the raids which he organized into the dominions of Runjeet Singh, which lay below the mountains, assumed the proportions of military expeditions, and on one occasion he even captured Peshawur, the western capital of the Sikh prince. On the whole, however, the advantage remained with the stubborn and warlike race whom Syud Ahmed was attacking, disciplined as they now were by European military adventurers in the pay of Runjeet Singh. The Prophet was surprised by the Sikhs in 1831, and killed in battle. But the succession to his office continued. One of his lieutenants, with signal ingenuity, turned to his own purposes both the fanaticism and the quarrelsomeness of the North-Western hill tribes. He acquired their veneration as a hermit and ascetic, and obtained from them a grant of lands which were to be neutral ground for ever, whither the man with the avenger of blood behind him might always flee for refuge. Here was founded Sitana, the fanatical colony, famous in the recent military history of India. Long before the British Government came into direct conflict with the fanatics through the annexation of the Punjab, much of their activity and occasional success would have been unintelligible, but for the influences which radiated backwards and forwards between British India and this settlement. The emissaries of the Prophet had in fact organized a system of religious and rebellious propagandism among the Mahometans of the richest and most populous provinces of the British Indian Empire. Money was constantly flowing from our dominions to Sitana, and, unless fed by money, the fanaticism of the mountaineers is a flame which blazes and burns out. The more ardent or poorer devotees of the Wahabee cause went themselves or sent their sons to the sacred settlement. The subscription of money was only a temporary compromise allowed until the actual Jehad

or Holy War should break out, but emigration to a land of Islam was an alternative clearly permitted by the Prophet, and Sitana belonged pre-eminently to Islam. The soldiers of the faith thus recruited were by no means of the best military material which India affords; it is somewhat singular that the Wahabee fanaticism prevails nearly exclusively among the least warlike races of the country. But the emigrants had their whole heart in the cause; for it they were capable of the utmost self-denial; and thus they formed a nucleus of association peculiarly valuable when the bulk of the confederacy had to consist of fickle and avaricious Pathan highlanders.

The British conquest of the Punjab, provoked by the wanton aggression of the Sikh captains, brought the Indian Government face to face with the fanatics of Sitana and their allies. The mountaineers of the North-Western hills became our next-door neighbours. If the special Wahabee hatred of infidel rulers depended in any way on such grievances as civilized men can recognize (and our sole complaint against Mr. Hunter is that he sometimes seems to assume a real connection between the two), the hostility of the fanatics ought to have been signally moderated by the policy now pursued in the territories close to them. The new governors of the Punjab began to treat the Mahometans on precisely the same footing as the Sikhs. The Call to Prayer was again heard, and the killing of the cow for beef, a privilege valued by Mahometans in proportion to its odiousness in the eyes of their Hindoo fellow-countrymen, was again permitted. Even as we write, the news comes to England that the British authorities in the Punjab have just had to suppress a sanguinary riot in the great commercial city of Umritsur, arising out of an attack of the Sikh populace on the shops of the hateful Mahometan butchers. Yet the colony at Sitana has stirred up just as many coalitions of the tribes against our power as ever it did against our oppressive Sikh predecessors. It would be hardly exaggeration to say that we have been at perpetual war with these mountaineers ever since our conquest. At least two regular campaigns have been undertaken against them, of which the story is very clearly and vividly told in the volume before us. One of them, still remembered as the Umbeyla campaign, very nearly ended in a serious disaster. It was ill-planned, though probably the mistakes of conception were unavoidable, so imperfect is our knowledge of the marvellously difficult country occupied by the clans, and so hard is it to judge at any given time what amount of combination among the tribes is at the back of a particular movement. The troops were completely brought to a check in a most dangerous position, and still more unfortunately the difficulty occurred just when the Indian Government was partially dislocated by the sudden death of the Viceroy, Lord Elgin. But a few days of hesitation were followed by a vigorous advance, a panic spread among the confederates, and they finally agreed to expel the fanatics and dismantle Sitana. This occurred in 1863, but again in 1868 a large force had to occupy the Black Mountain, a fragment of

the same highland country which lies on the east bank of the Indus, and the troops, who practically met on this occasion with no resistance, were able just before they retired to catch a sight of the fanatical emigrants moving on the opposite bank of the great river. Mr. Hunter sums up the force which has had on various occasions to move out against the fanatics and their allies. The aggregate is very considerable, though it is a little dwarfed by the enormous totals to which the latest European wars have accustomed us. If indeed we were to count the cost in money, the result would fairly bear comparison with the military expenditure of European powers. All war and all waiting for war are in India enormously expensive, and, putting the cost of suppressing the Sepoy Mutiny aside, the great cause of military outlay has of late years been the control of the North-Western frontier. In fact, when we speak of the military occupation of India we mean in reality the military occupation of the parts of the Punjab adjacent to this boundary. Here the great bulk of our troops are collected. Here alone in India the soldier finds excitement to vary the dull monotony of peace. Here is the school in which some of the best of our military officers have been trained, Lord Napier of Magdala, Lord Sandhurst, Sir Sidney Cotton, and Sir Neville Chamberlain; and here Lord Lawrence acquired his rare aptitude for the civil side of military administration. The truth is, that India is in very much the same state in which Great Britain would be if the Highlands had remained to our day without change since the years before 1745. To complete the parallel, however, we must suppose the Highlanders to be animated with all the devotion to Rome and all the detestation of Protestantism which characterize the Celts of Ireland, and we must conceive trials of Jacobites for treason to be still occurring, and Jacobite squires in the south of England to be constantly remitting subsidies to a Papal legate somewhere in the Grampians for the use of the Camerons, the Frasers, or the Macgregors. Mr. Hunter devotes a great deal of his space to a description of the mechanism of conspiracy organized for almost half a century in North-Eastern India, and he illustrates it very completely by comparing it to the Fenian distribution of functions between Head-Centres and District-Centres in the United States. Patna, in Behar, has been to the Wahabee fanatics what New York has been to the Fenians, and the various local depositaries of the secret are now known to have corresponded with one another, with their chiefs, and with the exiles at Sitana in a sort of ciphered language, borrowed from the ordinary transactions of Indian trade. In their letters and messages, a battle became a "law-suit," God was the "Law-agent;" remittances for Sitana in gold mohurs were spoken of as rosaries of red beads, and remittances in money as the price of books and merchandise; drafts or money orders became white stones, the amount being intimated by the number of white beads on a rosary. During the last few years, the Indian Government has more and more got its eye and hand on these subaltern intrigues; nor, in our opinion, is there the least ground for misgiving as to its power of protecting itself

against them. The one great danger to the British Indian Empire is ignorance of facts; once alive to these, its rulers are much too ably and energetically served for any conspiracy to have appreciable chances of success. We must own with some shame that the chief difficulties of the Indian Government in dealing with the Wahabee movement have been created by Englishmen. On the whole, it has treated the detected conspirators with singular leniency. Only two of them have been brought to trial, and the one last prosecuted would probably never have been tried at all but for an outcry got up among the Englishmen of Calcutta against the proceedings in his case. The man, a rich Mahometan, who owed his fortune to the English Government, but was afterwards shown to have been all his life a centre of conspiracy against it, was arrested in Calcutta, and detained near it in honourable custody under some special powers conferred by law on the Governor-General, which seem to us a marvel of moderation and considerateness by the side of those given to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the Westmeath and Peace Preservation Acts. Nobody, however, who knows what Englishmen are all over the world can wonder that a writ of Habeas Corpus was moved for in the local tribunal, or that it should have been argued that the British Constitution had been violated by the confinement of an Oriental fanatic debauched by religious principles imparted from Central Arabia. Still, it might have been at least expected that, in a country in which to be vituperated is to be weak, the advocates for this Wahabee sectary would refrain from speaking of the Government which represented the British race in language about equally coloured with animosity and contempt. Nobody, however, profited less by these proceedings than the Mahometan conspirator himself. The Indian Government appears to have felt itself compelled to bring him to regular trial; he was convicted the other day on the clearest evidence and sentenced to transportation for life.

The Indian Mahometans have recently had their numbers increased to some extent by successful proselytism in Eastern Bengal, but they are undoubtedly, on the whole, a sinking and decaying community. Nobody who knows what their government of India was can regret it, or regret that our own Government, which has succeeded it, is, in the main, a government in the interest of the Hindoos, or, in other words, of the enormous majority of the population. Still, among thirty millions of men, which is the total roughly assigned to the Mahometans of India, there will be great numbers too sensible, too comfortable, or too timid to be ready to engage in a vulgar, fanatical, and now very dangerous, conspiracy. This is the class of Indian Mahometans on whose behalf Mr. Hunter asks, on his title-page, the question, "Are they bound in conscience to rebel against the Queen?" The exhortations and denunciations of the Wahabee missionaries have caused them a discomfort which we, with our Western ideas, have the greatest difficulty in understanding. For the most part, we receive with the utmost equanimity the imputation of theological or political error. That men of

the same race, country, and religion as ourselves should consider us to be in the wrong on a number of vital points, we take to be a matter of course, and we are generally ready to let them keep their opinions, leaving to us our own ; but, on the principles of Mahometan faith, there is no distinction between secular and religious life, between orthodoxy on the one hand, and good manners and good morals on the other. If a professed Mahometan, carrying about him the evidences of earnestness and devotion, tells another Mahometan that he is dishonouring the Prophet and the Book because he abstains from overt acts of treason, the charge cannot be met with mere ridicule or contempt—it most probably rankles in the conscience, and causes the acutest suffering. The well-to-do landowner or banker, the easy-going Government official, feels that he has no vocation for conspiracy ; yet to be told that he is a heretic gives him a strong sensation of losing respectability, even if it does not raise those terrible fears of future punishment, which torment all Orientals to whom a hell is an article of faith. If we can suppose a proud and devout Protestant of Ulster charged by a co-religionist with some strange heresy just after the disestablishment of the Irish Church, we shall have a feeble notion of the disgust caused to the great majority of Mahometans by the upbraidings of the Wahabees. The classes, therefore, among them who are well-affected to the British Government, or who despair of overturning it, have spared no pains to obtain an authoritative condemnation of the Wahabee doctrine. Since Mahometanism has neither priesthood nor presbytery, it is not quite easy to understand at first sight how the disputed points are to be decided ; but the complete identification of religious with secular rule under the Mahometan theory carries with it the remarkable consequence that a Mahometan may obtain an opinion on a case of conscience bearing a very close analogy to the opinion of counsel in England on a question of law. Certain doctors of mixed law and theology are placed, by the general consent of Mahometans, on very much the same eminent footing as certain barristers in this country ; and the Mussulman who has got an opinion from them may act on it with as much confidence as an Englishman on the opinion of Sir Roundell Palmer or Sir John Coleridge. A variety of these opinions have been obtained by the well-affected Mahometans in India ; and it is satisfactory to find that, though Mr. Hunter raises objections to some of them which we will afterwards mention, they have, on the whole, given comfort and consolation to the persons who sought them. We will quote from Mr. Hunter's Appendix two curious examples of cases stated to great Mahometan authorities, followed by their opinions on the cases. In order to comprehend them it must be understood that, in the view of religious Mahometans, the whole world is distributed into Kingdoms of the Faithful and Kingdoms of the Enemy, and that the first proposition with which the Wahabees start is that India, after having been a Kingdom of the Faithful, has, by passing under the rule of Christians and Hindoos, become a Kingdom of the Enemy. The first of these

documents contains the question put to the law doctors at Mecca, the heads of the three great Mahometan sects, and their joint reply :—

“ Q. What is your opinion (may your greatness continue for ever) on the question, Whether the country of Hindostan—the rulers of which are Christians, and who do not interfere with all the injunctions of Islam, such as the ordinary daily prayers, the prayers of the two I'ds, etc. ; but do authorise departure from a few of the injunctions of Islam, such as the permission to inherit the property of his Mahometan ancestor to one who changes his religion (being that of his ancestors) and becomes a Christian—is Dar-ul-Islam or not ? Answer the above, for which God will reward you.”

“ A. All praises are due to the Almighty, who is the Lord of all the Creation.

“ O Almighty, increase my knowledge !

“ As long as even some of the peculiar observances of Islam prevail in it, it is Dar-ul-Islam.

“ The Almighty is Omniscient, Pure and High !

“ This is the order passed by one who hopes for the secret favour of the Almighty, who praises God, and prays for blessings and peace on his Prophet.

“ JAMAL IBN-I-ABDALLAH SHEIKH UMAR-UL-HANAFI,

“ The present Mufti of Mecca, the Honoured.

“ May God favour him and his father.”

We omit two other answers to the same effect. The second case was laid before the law doctors of Northern India :

“ What is your decision, O men of learning and expounders of the law of Islam, in the following ?—

“ Whether a Jihad (or religious rising) is lawful in India, a country formerly held by a Mahometan ruler, and now held under the sway of a Christian Government, where the said Christian ruler does in no way interfere with his Mahometan subjects in the rites prescribed by their religion, such as praying, fasting, pilgrimage, zakut, family prayer and jama'at, and gives them the fullest protection and liberty in the above respects, in the same way that a Mahometan ruler would do, and where the Mahometan subjects have no strength and means to fight with their rulers ; on the contrary, there is every chance of the war, if waged, ending with a defeat, and thereby causing an indignity to Islam.”

“ *Fatwah dated 17th Rabeeossanee, year 1267 of the Hedjira*
(17th July, 1870).”

“ The Mussulmans here are protected by Christians, and there is no Jihad in a country where protection is afforded, as the absence of protection and liberty between Mussulmans and Infidels is essential to a religious war, and that condition does not exist here. Besides, it is necessary that there

should be a probability of victory to the Mussulmans and glory to Islam. If there be no such probability, the Jihad is unlawful."

Mr. Hunter is not equally satisfied with these decisions. He points out that the Mecca opinion, while it declares that India has not ceased to be a kingdom of the Faithful, refrains from negating the duty of religious rebellion. The answer, however, seems to be that the doctors of the law consulted stuck, like lawyers, to their point. They were not asked for an opinion on the duty of religious war. The law doctors of Northern India, on the other hand, are considered by Mr. Hunter to agree impliedly with the Wahabees, that India has become a country of the Enemy; but, unlike the Wahabees, they affirm rebellion to be unlawful unless it is sure to succeed. Mr. Hunter holds this last doctrine to be the safer of the two, from the English point of view. His argument appears to be that, if India be a kingdom of Islam, the extreme duties of the Mahometan code will always be more or less incumbent on all the faithful in that country; whereas, if India has become a country of the Enemy, its condition need no more trouble the conscience of believers all over the world than the condition of Greece. We should be inclined ourselves to draw the exactly opposite conclusion; but it would be idle for us to assign our reasons. Time is never more completely wasted than by ingenious persons who, though not believing in a particular faith, attempt to dictate, to those who do believe, the courses of reasoning they should follow. If the well-disposed Mahometans in India are comforted by opinions which, on being subjected to the analysis of an Englishman, appear to involve contradictions, the fact that they derive consolation ought nevertheless, we think, to be sufficient. It is no new phenomenon in the history of religion that sects should reach the same conclusion from irreconcilable premisses; particularly if the conclusion is a welcome one. No religious theories can be more hopelessly contradictory than those of the Christian Calvinists and of the Christian Arminians, than the doctrine of universal reprobation and the doctrine of universal or qualified acceptance; yet, if some dangerous opinion or principle, akin perhaps to those of the Anabaptists, were suddenly to take its rise among the English Dissenters, it would be ungrateful to criticise the grounds on which the Wesleyans and the Congregationalists alike condemned it. For our part, we can quite understand how it is that both the decisions balanced against one another by Mr. Hunter, are deemed satisfactory by the Indian Mahometans. If India has become a country of the Enemy, the conclusion is immediately drawn that the overwhelming strength of the British Government does away with the obligation of rebellion. If India is still a kingdom of the Faithful, the leading proposition of the Wahabees is directly negated, and the issue they have themselves tendered is decided against them. Mr. Hunter's great interest in his subject seems to us to make him every now and then more Mahometan than the Mahometans. The reader who follows his earnest argumentation on the opinions from Mecca and Northern India is

occasionally surprised that an accomplished European gentleman, without a particle of faith in the Koran, should think it worth while to assign all sorts of reasons for his inability to concur in a conclusion which has admittedly brought comfort to large numbers of sincere Mahometans.

The discontent of a great religious community seems at first sight to Englishmen a phenomenon with which they are exceedingly familiar. The bulk of the Mahometans, if they look upon the British Government of India with no great affection, are, nevertheless, inclined to acquiesce in it, provided only they are let alone by a small knot of "irreconcilable" agitators. The parallel seems complete, and Englishmen are at once led by their practical instinct to ask what is the "message of peace" which can be sent to the Mahometans. How can the agitators be disarmed? What are the real grievances of the Mahometans? are they remediable? and how? We are afraid it must be answered that the experience of Englishmen is here at fault. In the first place, the Mahometans are not, like the Irish Roman Catholics, a majority of the people. Almost all Indian statistics of population are worthless; only the other day it was publicly stated in the Legislative Council of Lower Bengal that the Lieutenant-Governor of that province did not know within ten millions what number of persons were under his administration. The figures, however, which are usually given, assign to the Mahometans of India thirty millions of souls, and to the Hindoos not less than a hundred and fifty millions. The people of India consists, therefore, practically of Hindoos, who, without possibly any very warm loyalty to the British Empire, have, nevertheless, accepted it for good or for evil, and who unreservedly acknowledge that their present Government is much the best they have ever had. Under such circumstances, all that the English rulers of the country can manifestly do, is to observe strict impartiality between the sections of the population, to secure to all equal civil rights, and to hold itself aloof from the religious organization of all, and from their religious concerns. Unfortunately, it is exactly this policy of indifference and non-intervention which constitutes the general grievance of the Mahometans. Their complaints are not those of the Irish Roman Catholic majority; they are those of the Protestant minority, with the singular difference, however, that the Mahometans have no historical claim on the consideration of the English, and, so far from affecting to form the bulwark of their empire, openly admit it to be a religious duty to overthrow it whenever they can. They consider it the bitterest of wrongs to be placed on an equality with Hindoos. "Hindooism," says Mr. Hunter, who, as a modified philo-Mahometan, feels himself compelled to express his dissent from the opinion, "is, to the Mahometans, the mystery of abominations, a system of devil-worship and idolatry unbroken by a single gleam of the knowledge of the One God." In this spirit, the Mahometans resent the principle of what is called "disestablishment" as applied to themselves; although in their case it is not coupled with disendowment. Though they are bound by their religion to desire the destruction of our Government, they never-

theless profess to be unable to do without its help in their religious affairs. Such a state of feeling and opinion puts almost insuperable difficulties in the way of the redress of grievances by the British Government, fettered as it is by moral restrictions growing out of the civilization from which it has issued. Mr. Hunter, indeed, has convinced himself that the Mahometans of India have two specific grounds of reasonable complaint, and is more doubtfully persuaded that they have a third. We are sorry to say that his examples of genuine grievances seem to us to do little more than illustrate the difficulties of Indian government. It would certainly be possible to apply a remedy to the first and smallest of them, but the process would amount to an equivocal and retrograde step. Another of them cannot possibly be touched without the grossest injustice to the Hindoos, and the redress of the third would, in our judgment, be a grave injury to the Mahometans themselves.

The first wrong which the Mahometans are alleged by Mr. Hunter to have suffered, suggests some singular reflections. The Indian Government has, for nearly ten years, ceased to appoint certain functionaries called Kazees. There is no priesthood for Islam, but, as we have more than once observed, there is no distinction between religious and secular law, and these Kazees, the "depositories and administrators of the domestic law of Islam," as Mr. Hunter calls them, discharge duties for Mahometans closely akin to priestly offices. For many years the Government kept in its hands the appointment of the Kazees, just as it provided for the maintenance and services of certain Hindoo temples. But, after the suppression of the Sepoy Mutiny, the cry arose in England that the English in India were "ashamed of their Christianity." In deference to the feeling which at that time animated every English newspaper and almost every sermon, the Indian Government, at the same time that it promised, through a proclamation issued in the name of the Queen, scrupulously to respect the usages and customs of the natives, adopted a series of measures intended to sever the modified connection it had hitherto maintained with the native religions. In pursuance of this policy, it caused the endowments of Hindoo temples, which had hitherto been retained in its treasuries or administered by its officers, to be transferred to native trustees, and it discontinued the appointment of Mahometan Kazees. The Hindoos have repeatedly protested against the first measure, on the ground that they have no confidence in trustees of their own religion; but the Mahometans, according to Mr. Hunter, object to the second for a much more remarkable reason. They declare that their own religious theory requires the Kazees to be appointed, not by themselves, but by the Government. This view, if it be a sound one, can only be explained by the fundamental assumption of Mahometan theology, that all Mahometans live under Mahometan sovereigns; but no more paradoxical position can be conceived than that in which it places the existing Indian Government. It does not believe in the Koran, and its Mahometan subjects are perplexed with the question whether loyalty

to it does not savour of sin; yet these last are said to declare that they have no religious organization of their own which can supply them with Kazees, and to make it a grievance that these semi-religious officers are no longer appointed by their infidel rulers. The measure of 1863 can doubtless be reversed, if only the English religious world will avert its eyes and hold its tongue; and from the purely political point of view, it will be a very simple matter to resume the nomination of Kazees. Yet we should like to be informed on a point on which we gather little from Mr. Hunter's pages. Will the resumption touch the real grievance? We have a strong suspicion that what a certain class of Mahometans resent is the practice, now universal with the Indian courts of justice, of going for themselves to the actual sources of Hindoo and Mahometan jurisprudence, instead of consulting certain persons who used, so to speak, to be official depositaries of native law. But to revert to the old fashion of taking the law from law officers would be to oppress the litigant and to remove one great security against corruption. The whole native public believe these functionaries to be open to bribes, and even if the opinion were unjust, the constructions of law which the courts were bound, under the old system, to accept, were in the highest degree unintelligent. A great part of the Mahometan law of succession, as interpreted by official expositors, was neither more nor less than an elaborate mystification of a simple arithmetical problem.

The next grievance of the Indian Mahometans noticed by Mr. Hunter is, according to English ideas, at once extremely natural and nearly irremediable. They are being superseded by the Hindoos in the ranks of the public service. The Mahometan sovereigns, to whom the English have succeeded, occasionally employed Hindoo Ministers, out of regard to their wonderful dexterity in squeezing their own countrymen and co-religionists, but the great bulk of the functionaries employed in carrying out an elaborate administrative system were naturally Mahometans. Nearly all the highest posts in the Indian public service are now occupied by Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen; but a multitude of minor offices have natives of the country for their incumbents, and from these the Mahometans are being gradually, but completely, expelled by the Hindoos. It does not, by any means, seem to the Mahometans a great or unnatural injury that they should be kept out of the higher grades of employment by men of the conquering race; and, indeed, if Englishmen abandoned the largest part of the offices which they now occupy to natives of India, the gain, under the English system of appointment, would be not with the Mahometans, but with the Hindoos. The wrong bitterly resented by the Mahometan malcontents is the promotion over their heads of vile infidels, whose religion (to repeat Mr. Hunter's energetic phrase) is a "mystery of abomination;" who were always somebody's slaves, and who, less than a century ago, were the slaves of the faithful. Yet the causes of the substitution of Hindoos for Mahometans have only to be stated, and it will be seen to be inevitable. In the first place, the Hindoos

vastly outnumber the Mahometans; in a fair competition, more public servants will be chosen out of 150 millions of men than out of thirty millions. Again, the Hindoos are greedily absorbing the new Western knowledge which the English have introduced, and therefore, for a government of the Western type, they are far more efficient servants. The Mahometans, on the other hand, stand almost wholly aloof from the English schools and colleges. Mr. Hunter analyses at much length, and with no small sympathy, the causes of their distaste for education on Western principles; yet there is reason to believe that the feeling which is strongest with them is less dislike for the new learning than reluctance to shake themselves free from the vast burden of the old. "How can we possibly compete with the Hindoos?" said a highly-placed Mahometan functionary to a friend of ours. "If we would be thought gentlemen, we must speak and write Persian; if we would be considered religious men, we must read Arabic; for purposes of communication with the greatest part of our Indian co-religionists, we must write and speak Hindustani; if we would converse with our wives, we must talk Bengali; for purposes of business, we must at least know some English. But these Hindoos continue to speak unblushingly the patois of the district in which they were born, and the whole of their mind and of their energies they give to your language, your science, and your literature. How can we, staggering under the weight of all these languages, and of all the religious and secular learning which goes with them, have the smallest chance of winning in a race in which success comes by knowledge of English, or at least by sympathy with English ideas?" We believe this to be a substantially true account of the Mahometan difficulties, and they result from the democratic character of Mahometanism. Hindooism, too, has at its back a difficult classical language, and a vast mass of false science and useless learning; but the burden weighs on a priestly aristocracy, and not on the multitude, which is left to imbibe what knowledge it pleases. A Hindoo of one of the lower castes commits a deadly sin if he reads the Vedas; but every Mahometan ought in strictness to know more or less of the Koran, and the whole community of the faithful is encouraged by every influence to master as much as possible of the law, literature, and philosophy of Mahometanism.

There is much to command sympathy in Mr. Hunter's complaints of the indirect discouragement by the British Government of the learning so dear to its Mahometan subjects. Yet we must, in fairness, recollect that this grievance of the Mahometans is not consistent with the other; and that, if the Mahometans are elbowed out of the public service, it would be a singular remedy to give them more of the learning which keeps them out of it. If they were a majority of the natives of India, there might be strong reason for dealing tenderly with their prejudices; but they are a minority: and it would be grossly unjust to let the skill in Persian poetry and Arabian theology, which they love to cultivate, be counted as a qualification for the public service equivalent to the positive knowledge of the

Hindoos. It must further be remembered that these are, after all, the grievances of only a small fraction of the Mahometans—the lettered and learned class, with whom the writer of the volume before us may be supposed to have principally associated. If they were redressed to the utmost, the Wahabees would still preach as actively as ever; for, in truth, the fibre which most promptly responds to the pernicious exhortations of these fanatics lies deep in a very different part of the body social of India. We have ourselves no doubt that the true grievance to which the Wahabee preachers address themselves with advantage is neither educational nor official, but agrarian. We, too, like Mr. Hunter, have seen Wahabee documents and notes of Wahabee sermons. They, of course, contained much which Mr. Hunter has found in them; but they contained something else, on which he places comparatively slight stress. They certainly spoke of the danger and dishonour of living under an infidel government. They called for a sacred war, and predicted its success. The “kingdom of Heaven is at hand,” they said; but then they added, “in that kingdom there will be neither landlord nor tenant.” That strange blunder, the Cornwallis settlement of Bengal, which placed a peasantry with ancient rights under an extemporised landed proprietary, is the real root of this dangerous movement. The Wahabees have their chief success in Eastern Bengal, simply through the accidental circumstance that in Eastern Bengal a Mahometan peasantry is at the mercy of Hindoo landlords. This is not the proper place for discussing one of the most difficult of Indian problems; but it is important to observe that the only serious grievance of the Mahometans has no special nor distinctive character, but is shared by a multitude of Hindoos.

The author of *Village Communities in the East and West* has recently said, “When we have to some extent succeeded in freeing ourselves from that limited conception of the world and mankind, beyond which the most civilized societies and (I will add) some of the greatest thinkers do not always rise; when we gain something like an adequate idea of the vastness and variety of the phenomena of human society; when, in particular, we have learned not to exclude from our view of earth and man those great and unexplored regions which we vaguely term the East: we find it to be not wholly a conceit or a paradox to say that the distinction between the Present and the Past disappears. Sometimes the Past is the Present.” Those who can read under the lines of Mr. Hunter’s wonderfully-interesting pages may see, if they please, the European life of many different centuries flowing on in one and the same current. Once again, the stalwart barbarians of a hungry country treat the rich lands of their civilized neighbours as their natural prey; once more the wandering devotee exhorts to the Crusade, and rebukes princes for their godless sloth; again the Highland chiefs meet in conclave, compromise an infinity of disputes and rivalries, and burst at last upon the plains below; Rob Roy alternately musters his men on their native hills, and slinks in disguise through the Lowland cities; comfortable Jacobite gentlemen get tired of

conspiracy, and seek excuses for making their peace with Government ; Wesley and Whitfield preach to excited multitudes ; the detective of the day outdoes the exploits attributed to him in the latest sensational novel. In the midst, the British Government keeps the peace, administers justice with a purity rare in the West and absolutely foreign to the East, legislates on the principles of Bentham, and maintains neutrality between rival religions with something like the tolerant disdain of a Roman Proconsul. No book illustrates more vividly than that before us the difficulties of that most extraordinary of experiments, the British Empire in India. So far as they here appear, they may be summed up in the remark that the Anglo-Indian Government is bound, by the moral conditions of its existence, to apply the modern principle of equality, in all its various forms, to the people of India—equality between religions, equality between races, equality between individuals in the eye of the law. But it has to make this application among a collection of men (a community they can hardly be called) to whom the very idea of equality is unknown or hateful. All Mahometans are, indeed, equal theoretically among themselves, but their equality has for its indispensable basis the absolute subjection of everybody else. What Hindoos think of equality among men will best be gathered from an anecdote. A Brahmin lawyer in great practice was a year or two ago seeking to establish himself in the good graces of an Anglo-Indian functionary by enlarging on the value of Bentham's philosophy, in so far as it placed the standard of law and morals in the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The Englishman expressed some surprise that the principle should be so much applauded in a country like India. "No doubt," rejoined the high-caste Hindoo, after a glance round the room to assure himself that nobody was within earshot—"No doubt it is one difficulty that, according to my religion, a Brahmin is entitled to exactly five-and-twenty times as much happiness as anybody else !"

Notes on Flying and Flying-Machines.

It would be difficult to say how many centuries have elapsed since the first attempt was made to solve the problem whether man can fly. Ages before the "philosopher's stone" was ever sought for, or before the problem of perpetual motion had attracted the attention of mechanists, men had attempted to wing their way through the too unresisting air, by means of more or less ingenious imitations of the pinions of birds or insects. It has even been suggested (see Hatton Turner's *Astra Castra*), that King David referred to successful attempts of this sort, when he cried, "O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest." But without insisting on this opinion,—which, indeed, may be regarded as not wholly beyond cavil,—we have abundant evidence that in the earliest ages, the same problem has been attacked, which the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain took in hand but a few years since, and which, still more recently, the beleaguered Parisians sought earnestly, but in vain, to solve.

By the invention of the balloon the problem of aerial *floatation* has been solved; but the problem which has hitherto proved so intractable, is that of aerial *navigation* or flight,—whether by means of flying-machines capable of supporting many persons at once, or by means of contrivances enabling a man to urge his way alone through the air. There can be little question that this problem is one of great difficulty. It has, indeed, been long regarded by nearly all practical mechanicians as really insoluble. But of late years careful researches have led competent men to entertain doubts as to the validity of the objections which have been urged against the theory that it is possible for men to fly. Facts have come to light which seem, to say the least, highly promising. In fine, there are not a few who share the convictions of the learned president of the Aeronautical Society, that before many years have passed men will have learned how to navigate the air. The time may not be at hand, indeed, when Bishop Wilkins's prophecy will be fulfilled, and men will call as commonly for their wings as they now do for their boots; but it does not seem improbable that before long the first aerial voyage (as distinguished from aerial drifting in balloons), will be successfully accomplished.

It may be interesting to inquire, what are the principal facts on which this hopeful view of the long-vexed problem has been founded. In so doing, we shall have occasion to touch incidentally on the history of past attempts at flight; and this history is, indeed, so attractive, that the reader may be disposed to wish that it were entered upon more at

length. But our subject is such a wide one, that it will be necessary to avoid discussing, at any length, those strange, and sometimes apocryphal narratives, which are to be found in the records of aeronautics. For this reason we propose to consider only such accounts of past attempts, as appear to bear on the subject of the actual feasibility of flying.

In the problem of aerial navigation, four chief points have to be considered—buoyancy, extent of supporting surface, propulsive power, and elevating power. At first sight, buoyancy may seem to include elevating power and supporting power, but it will be seen, as we proceed, that the term is used in a more restricted sense.

In the balloon we have the perfect solution of the problem of securing buoyancy. The success with which men have overcome the difficulty of rising into the air is complete; and this being their first, and seemingly, a most important success, we can, perhaps, hardly wonder that further success should long have been looked for in the same direction. The balloon had enabled men to float in the air; why should it not enable them also to direct their course through the air? The difficulty of rising into the air seemed, indeed, much the more serious of the two before the balloon had been invented; and all who had failed in their attempts to fly, had failed in precisely this point.

Yet all attempts to direct balloons have hitherto failed. It seems clear, indeed, when we inquire carefully into the circumstances of the case, that such attempts must necessarily fail. The buoyancy of balloons is secured, and can be secured, only by one method, and that method is such as to preclude all possibility—so at least it seems to us—that the balloon can be navigated. A balloon must be large—many times larger than any machine to which it can be attached. If we take even the case of one man raised by a balloon, and inquire how large the balloon should be, we at once see how disproportioned the size of a balloon must needs be to the bodies of a heavier nature which it is intended to raise. We know that a man can barely float in water, so that he is about equal in weight to an equal volume of water. But a volume of water is more than eight hundred times heavier than an equal volume of air, even at the sea-level, where the air is densest. So that the weight of a man is more than eight hundred times greater than that of the air he displaces. It follows that if a very light hollow vessel could be made, which should be more than eight hundred times as large as a man, and which could be perfectly exhausted of air without collapsing (a thing wholly impossible), the buoyancy of that vessel would barely enable it to support the weight of a man. But the balloonist is unable to obtain any vessel of this sort. He cannot employ the buoyancy of a perfect vacuum to raise him. What he has to do, is to fill a silken bag with a gas lighter than air, but still not weightless, and to trust to the difference between the weight of this gas and that of the air the balloon displaces, to raise him from the ground. So that such a balloon, in order to raise a man, must

be considerably larger than the hollow vessel just referred to. But further, the balloon must rise above the denser parts of the air ; it must carry its own weight as well as that of the man ; the balloonist must take a supply of ballast ; and other like considerations have to be attended to, all of which render it necessary that the balloon should be larger than we have hitherto supposed. Apart, however, from all such considerations, we find the very least proportion between the size of the balloon intended to carry one person, and the size of the human body, to be about as one thousand to one. Buoyant vessels constructed on such a scale must needs present an enormous surface ; and therefore, not only must they strongly resist all attempts made to propel them in any direction, but the lightest wind must have more effect upon them than any efforts made by those they carry. As for any power which should avail to propel a balloon against a strong wind, the idea seems too chimerical to be entertained. Until men can see their way to propelling a buoyant body (one thousand times larger than the weight it supports), at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour through calm air, they cannot expect even to resist the action of a steady breeze on a balloon, far less to travel against the wind. But even if it were possible to conceive of any contrivance by which a balloon could be propelled rapidly through calm air, yet the mere motion of the balloon, at such a rate, would sway the balloon from its proper position, and probably cause its destruction. A power which could propel the car of a balloon through calm air at the rate of twenty miles an hour, would cause precisely the same effect on the balloon itself, as though the car were fixed, while a heavy wind was blowing against the balloon. We know what the effect would be in this latter case ; the balloon would soon be made a complete wreck : and nothing else could happen in the former case.

But it may be seriously questioned, whether buoyancy is a desirable feature in any form of flying-machine. We have seen that a degree of buoyancy sufficient to secure actual floatation in the air is incompatible with aerial navigation. We may now go further, and urge that even a less degree of buoyancy would be a mischievous feature in a flying-machine. M. Nadar, the balloonist, makes a significant, though not strictly accurate observation on this point, in his little book on flying. Passing through the streets of Paris, during the ædileship of Haussmann, he heard a workman call from the roof of a house to a fellow-workman below, to throw a sponge up. "Now," says Nadar, "what did the cunning workman, who was to throw the sponge, do ? The sponge was dry, and therefore light and buoyant. Was it in this condition that he threw it up to his fellow ? No ; for it would not have been possible to send it above the first floor. But he first wets the sponge, and so makes it heavy ; and then, when it has been deprived of the lightness which is fatal to flight, he throws it easily to his fellow on the house-roof ?" M. Nadar infers, that the first essential in a flying-machine is weight !

Now, what is true in the above reasoning is, that buoyancy renders flight—as distinguished from aerial floating—impossible, or, at least,

difficult. It is not true, however, that the flight of the wet sponge exemplifies the kind of flight which the aeronaut requires. The sponge, in fact, was neither more nor less than a projectile; and most assuredly, the problem of flight is not to be solved by making projectiles of our flying-machines, or of our own bodies. It may be, and, indeed, we shall presently see that it probably *will* be necessary, that some form of propulsion from a fixed stand should have to be applied to the flying-machines of the future. But after such propulsion has been applied, the flying-machine must be *supported* in some way, not left—as an ordinary projectile is left—to the action of unresisted gravity. M. Nadar's wet sponge is no analogue, then, of the flying-machines we require.

Before leaving the subject of buoyancy, however, it will be desirable to inquire whether buoyancy is, in any marked degree, an attribute of the flying creatures we are acquainted with—birds, bats, and insects. The structure of such creatures has been supposed by some to be such as to secure actual buoyancy, to a greater or less degree; and many would be disposed, at a first view of the matter, to regard the hollow bones and the quill-feathers of birds as evidences that buoyancy is essential to flight. We have even seen the strange theory put forward, that during life, the quills of birds, as well as their hollow bones, are filled with hydrogen. "Flying animals," says a writer in *All the Year Round* for March 7, 1868, "are built to hold gases everywhere—in their bones, their bodies, their skins; and as their blood is several degrees warmer than the blood of walking or running animals, their gases are probably several degrees lighter. Azote, or hydrogen, or whatever the gas held in the gaseous structures may be, it is proportionately warmer, and, therefore, proportionately lighter than air."

But it appears to us that on a careful consideration of the structure of flying creatures, the hollow portions of their bodies will be found to fulfil a purpose quite distinct from that of imparting buoyancy. If we examine a quill we find that the most remarkable feature which it presents to us, is the proportion which its strength, especially as respects resistance to flexure, bears to its weight. It would be difficult, indeed, to construct any bar, or rod, or tube, of the same length and weight as a portion of a bird's quill, which would bear the same pressure without perceptible flexure; and it is scarcely conceivable that any structure appertaining to a living creature, could possess greater strength with an equal degree of lightness. In the hollow bones, again, we see the same association of strength and lightness. Precisely, as a tubular bridge, like that which spans the Menai Straits, is capable of bearing far greater strain than a solid metal bar of equal weight and length, so the hollow bones of birds are far stronger than solid bones of equal weight would be. We see then, that *lightness* is secured in these parts of a bird's structure. But *lightness* and buoyancy are different matters. We can understand that it is absolutely essential, that the weight of a machine intended for flight should be as small as may be, due regard being had to strength and

completeness. But there is little, we conceive, in the structure of flying creatures, which points to buoyancy as a desirable feature in a flying-machine.

We come next to a much more important point, namely, extent of supporting surface. We are to consider the air now, not with regard to its density, the quality which enables a balloon, filled with rarer gas, to float in air, but with reference to its power of resisting downward motion through it; that is, of resisting the effects of gravity. We have to inquire what extent of surface, spread either in the form of wings or as in parachutes, will suffice to support a man or a flying-machine. It is here that the researches recently made seem to bear most significantly upon the question of the possibility of flight.

The history of the parachute affords some insight into the supporting power of the air—some, but not much. The parachute has been commonly suffered to fall from beneath the car of a balloon. Suspended thus, in the lee, so to speak, of the balloon's mass, and with its supporting surface unexpanded, the parachute descends under highly unfavourable conditions. A great velocity of descent is acquired before the parachute is fully expanded, and thus the parachute has to resist a greater down-drawing force than would be the case if the machine were open, and surrounded on all sides by free air, at starting. The consequence is a great and sudden strain upon all parts of the parachute, as well as a degree of oscillation which seriously risks its structure, besides impairing its supporting power—since this power would obviously act most effectively if the span of the parachute remained horizontal throughout the descent. The following account of Garnerin's descent, in 1797, illustrates the foregoing remarks:—"In 1797," says Mr. Manley Hopkins, "Garnerin constructed a parachute, by which he descended from a balloon, at an elevation of 2,000 feet. The descent was perilous, for the parachute failed, for a time, to expand; and after it had opened, and the immediate fears of the immense concourse which had assembled in Paris to witness the attempt, had been removed, the oscillations of the car, in which Garnerin was seated, were so violent, as to threaten either to throw him out, or, on arriving at the ground, to dash him out with violence. He escaped, however!" We notice the same circumstances in the narrative of poor Cocking's disastrous attempt in 1837. "When the cords which sustained the parachute were cut, it descended with dangerous rapidity, oscillating fearfully, and at last the car broke away from the parachute, and Mr. Cocking was precipitated to the ground, from a height of about one hundred feet."

But apart from these considerations, the parachute affords no evidence whatever of the increased sustaining power of the air on bodies which traverse it rapidly in a more or less horizontal direction. The parachute descends, and descends quickly: we have to inquire whether the air may not resist descent so strongly that with comparatively small effort a horizontal or even ascending motion may be effected.

A familiar illustration of this supporting power of the atmosphere is given in the flight of an oyster-shell or piece of thin slate, deftly thrown from a schoolboy's practised hand. Such a missile, instead of following the parabolic path traversed by an ordinary projectile, is seen to skim along almost like a bird on resting pinions. It will sometimes even ascend (after the projectile force has ceased to act in raising it), as though in utter disobedience to the laws of gravitation.

The fact appears to be, that when a horizontal plane traverses the air in a horizontal direction, the supporting power of the air is increased in proportion as the plane moves more quickly, or in proportion to the actual quantity of air it glides over, so to speak. Indeed we have clear evidence to this effect in the behaviour of the common toy-kite, the supporting power of which is increased in proportion to the force of the wind. For a kite held by a string in a strong horizontal current of air, corresponds exactly to an inclined plane surface drawn swiftly in a horizontal direction during a calm. The same supporting power which results from the rapid passage of the air under the kite will be obtained during the rapid passage of the kite over still air.

When we study the flight of birds, we are confirmed in the opinion that velocity of horizontal motion is a point of extreme importance as respects the power of flying. For though there are some birds which seem to rise almost straight from the ground, yet nearly all, and especially the larger and heavier birds, have to acquire a considerable horizontal velocity before they can take long flights. Even many of those birds which seem, when taking flight, to trust rather to the upward and downward motion of their wings than to swift horizontal motion, will be found, when carefully observed, to move their wings up and down in such sort as to secure a rapid forward motion. The present writer has been much struck by the singularly rapid forward motion which pigeons acquire by what appears like a simple beating of their wings. A pigeon which is about to fly from level ground may be seen to beat its wings quickly and with great power; and yet instead of rising with each downward stroke, the bird is seen to move quite horizontally,—as though the wings acted like screw-propellers. We believe, in fact, that the wings during this action do really act, both in the upward and downward motion, in a manner resembling either screw-propulsion or the action by which seamen urge a boat forward by means of a single oar over the stern.* The action of a fish's tail is not dissimilar; and as the fish, by what seems like a simple beating of its tail from side to side, is able to dart swiftly forwards, so the bird, by what seems like a beating of its wings up and down, is able—when occasion requires—to acquire a swift forward motion. At the same time it must be understood that we are not questioning the undoubted fact that the downward beat of a bird's wing is also capable of

* Sailors call this *sculling*, a term more commonly applied to the propulsion of a boat by a single oarsman using a pair of oars, or sculls.

giving an upward motion to the bird's body. The point to be specially noticed is that when a bird is taking flight from level ground, the wings are so used that the downward stroke gives no perceptible upward motion.

But since a horizontal velocity is thus effective, we might be led to infer that the larger flying creatures, which, *ceteris paribus*, travel more swiftly through the air than the smaller, would require a smaller relative extent of supporting surface. We are thus led to the consideration of that point which has always been regarded as the great, or rather the insuperable difficulty, in the way of man's attempts at flight,—his capacity or incapacity to carry the requisite extent of supporting surface. We are led to inquire whether a smaller extent of supporting surface than has hitherto been deemed necessary may not suffice in the case of a man, and *à fortiori* in the case of a large and powerful flying-machine.

The inference to which we have thus been led, is found to accord perfectly with the observations which have been made upon flying creatures of different dimensions. It has been found that the supporting surface of these creatures,—whether insects, birds, or bats,—by no means varies in proportion to their weight. This is one of the most important results to which the recent inquiries into the problem of flight have led; and we believe that our readers cannot fail to be interested by an account of the relations which have been observed to hold between the weight and the supporting surface of different winged creatures.

We owe to M. de Lucy, of Paris, the results of the first actual experiments carried out in this direction. The following account of his observations (made in the years 1868, 1869) is taken from a paper by Mr. Brearey, the Honorary Secretary to the Aeronautical Society. "M. de Lucy asserts," says Mr. Brearey, "that there is an unchangeable law to which he has never found any exception, amongst the considerable number of birds and insects, whose weight and measurements he has taken,—viz., that the smaller and lighter the winged animal is, the greater is the comparative extent of supporting surface. Thus in comparing insects with one another—the gnat, which weighs 460 times less than the stag-beetle, has 14 times greater relative surface. The lady-bird, which weighs 150 times less than the stag-beetle, possesses 5 times more relative surface, &c. It is the same with birds. The sparrow, which weighs about ten times less than the pigeon, has twice as much relative surface. The pigeon, which weighs about eight times less than the stork, has twice as much relative surface. The sparrow, which weighs 339 times less than the Australian crane, possesses 7 times more relative surface, &c. If we now compare the insects and the birds, the gradation will become even more striking. The gnat, for example, which weighs 97,000 times less than the pigeon, has 40 times more relative surface; it weighs 3,000,000 times less than the crane of Australia, and possesses relatively 140 times more surface than this latter, which is the heaviest bird M. de Lucy had weighed, and was that also which had the smallest amount of surface, the weight being

nearly 21 lbs., and the supporting surface 189 inches per kilogramme (2 lbs. 3½ oz.). Yet of all travelling birds the Australian cranes undertake the longest and most remote journeys, and, with the exception of the eagles, elevate themselves highest, and maintain flight the longest."

M. de Lucy does not seem to have noticed the law to which these numbers point. It is exceedingly simple, and amounts in fact merely to this, that instead of the wing-surface of a flying creature being proportioned to the weight, it should be proportioned to the surface of the body (or technically, that instead of being proportioned to the cube, it should be proportioned to the square of the linear dimensions). Thus, suppose that of two flying creatures one is 7 times as tall as the other, the proportions of their bodies being similar, then the body-surface of the larger will be 49 times (or 7 times 7) that of the other, and the weight 343 times (or 7 times 7 times 7) that of the other. But instead of the extent of wing-surface being 343 times as great, it is but 49 times as great. In other words, relatively to its weight the smaller will have a wing-surface 7 times greater than that of the larger. How closely this agrees with what is observed in nature, will be seen by the case of the sparrow as compared with the Australian crane; for M. de Lucy's experiments show that the sparrow weighs 389 times less than the Australian crane, but has a relative wing-surface 7 times greater.

It follows, in fact, from M. de Lucy's experiments that, as we see in nature, birds of similar shape should have wings similarly proportioned, and not wings corresponding to the relative weight of the birds. The same remark applies to insects; and we see, in fact, that the bee, the bluebottle, and the common fly—insects not unlike in their proportions—have wings proportioned to their surface dimensions; the same holding amongst long-bodied insects, like the gnat and the dragon-fly, and the same also among the different orders of flying beetles.

So that, setting apart differences of muscular capacity and adaptation, a man, in order to fly, would need wings bearing the same proportion to his body as we observe in the wings of the sparrow or the pigeon. In fact, the wings commonly assigned to angels by sculptors and painters would not be so disproportioned to the requirements of flight as has been commonly supposed, if only the muscular power of the human frame were well adapted to act upon wings so placed and shaped, and there were no actual inferiority in the power of human muscles (cross-section for cross-section) as compared with those of birds.

So far as the practicability of actual flight on man's part is concerned, these two points are, indeed, among the most important that we have to consider. It was to Borelli's remarks on these points, in his famous treatise, *De Motu Animalium*, that the opinion so long entertained respecting the impracticability of flight must be referred. He compared the relative dimensions of the breast-muscles of birds with those of the corresponding muscles in man, and thence argued that man's frame is altogether unadapted to the use of wings. He compared also the relative muscular

energy of birds and men, that is, the power of muscles of equal size in the bird and the man ; and was yet further confirmed in the opinion that man can never be a flying animal.

But although the reasoning of Borelli suffices perfectly well to show that man can never fly by attaching pinions to his arms, and flapping these in imitation (however close) of a bird's action in flying, it by no means follows that man must be unable to fly when the most powerful muscles of his body are called into action to move suitably-devised pinions. M. Besnier made a step in this direction (towards the close of the last century) when he employed, in his attempts to fly, those powerful muscles of the arm which are used in supporting a weight over the shoulder (as when a bricklayer carries a hod, or when a countryman carries a load of hay with a pitchfork). But the way in which he employed the muscles of the leg was less satisfactory. In his method, a long rod passed over each shoulder, folding pinions being attached to both ends of each rod. When either end of a rod was drawn down, the descending pinion opened, the ascending pinion at the other end closing ; and the two rods were worked by alternate downward pulls with the arms and legs. The downward pull with the arms was exceedingly effective ; but the downward pull with the legs was altogether feeble. For the body lying horizontally, the muscles used in the downward pull with the legs were those by which the leg is carried forward in walking, and these muscles have very little strength, as any one will see who, standing upright on one leg, tries, without bending the knee of the other, to push forward any considerable weight with the front of this leg.

Yet even with this imperfect contrivance Besnier achieved a partial success. His pinions did not, indeed, serve to raise him in the air ; but when, by a sharp run forward, he had brought that aerial supporting power into action of which we have spoken above, the pinions, sharply worked, so far sustained him as to allow him to cross a river of considerable width. It is not unlikely that, had Besnier provided fixed sustaining surfaces, in addition to the moveable pinions, he might have increased the distance he could traverse. But, as regards flight, there was a further and much more serious defect in his apparatus. No means whatever were provided for propulsion. The wings tended to raise the body (this tendency only availing, however, to sustain it) ; but they could give no forward motion. With a slight modification, it is probable that Besnier's method would enable an active man to travel over ground with extreme rapidity, clearing impediments of considerable height, and taking tolerably wide rivers almost "in his stride ;" but we believe that the method could never enable men actually to fly.

It may be remarked, indeed, that the art of flying, if it is ever attained, will probably be arrived at by means of attempts directed, in the first place, towards rapid passage along *terra firma*. As the trapeze gymnast avails himself of the supporting power of ropes, so the supporting power of the air may be called into action to aid men in traversing the ground.

The following passage from Turnor's *Astra Castra* shows that our velocipedists might soon be outvied by half-flying pedestrians :—"Soon after Bacon's time," he tells us, "projects were instituted to train up children from their infancy in the exercise of flying with artificial wings, which seemed to be the favourite plan of the artists and philosophers of that day. If we credit the accounts of some of these experiments, it would seem that considerable progress was made that way. The individuals who used the wings could skim over the surface of the earth with a great deal of ease and celerity. This was accomplished by the combined faculties of running and flying. It is stated that, by an alternate continued motion of the wings against the air, and the feet against the ground, they were enabled to move along with a striding motion, and with incredible speed."

A gymnast of our own day, Mr. Charles Spencer ("one of the best teachers of gymnastics in this country," says Mr. Brearey), has met with even more marked success, for he has been able to raise himself by the action of wings attached to his arms. The material of which these wings were made was too fragile for actual flight; and Mr. Spencer was prevented from making strong efforts because the wicker-work to which the apparatus was attached, fitting tightly round his body, caused pain, and obstructed his movements. Yet he tells us that, running down a small incline in the open air, and jumping from the ground, he has been able, by the action of the wings, to sustain flight for a distance of 120 feet; and when the apparatus was suspended in the transept of the Crystal Palace (in the spring of 1868), he was able, as we have said, to raise himself, though only to a slight extent, by the action of the wings. It should be remarked, however, that his apparatus seems very little adapted for its purpose, since the wings are attached to the arms in such sort that the weak breast-muscles are chiefly called into play. Borelli's main objection applies in full to such a contrivance; and the wonder is that Mr. Spencer met with even a partial success. One would have expected rather that the prediction of a writer in *The Times* (calling himself Apteryx, or the Wingless) would have been fulfilled, and that "the aeronaut, if he flapped at all, would come to grief, like the sage in *Rasselas*, and all others who have tried flying with artificial wings."

The objection founded on the relative weakness of the muscles of man as compared with those of birds (without reference to the question of adaptation), seems at first sight more serious. Although there can be little question that the superior strength of the muscles of birds has been in general enormously exaggerated, yet such a superiority undoubtedly exists to some degree. This gives the bird a clear advantage over man, inasmuch that man can never hope by his unaided exertions to rival the bird in its own element. It by no means follows, however, that because man may never be able to rival the flight of the eagle or the condor, of the pigeon or the swallow, he must therefore needs be unable to fly at all.

It should be remembered, also, that men can avail themselves of contrivances by which a considerable velocity may be acquired at starting;

and that when the *aéronaut* is once launched with adequate velocity, a comparatively moderate exertion of force may probably enable him to maintain that velocity, or even to increase it. In this case, a moderate exertion of force would also suffice to enable him to rise to a higher level. To show that this is so, we need only return to the illustration drawn from the kite. If a weight be attached to a kite's tail, the kite, which will maintain a certain height when the wind is blowing with a certain degree of force, will rise to a greater height when the force of the wind is but slightly increased.

Kites afford, indeed, the most striking evidence of the elevating power resulting from the swift motion of an inclined plane through the air, the fact being remembered always that, whatever supporting and elevating power is obtained when air moves horizontally with a certain velocity against an inclined plane, precisely the same supporting and elevating power will be obtained when the inclined plane is drawn or propelled horizontally with equal velocity through still air. Now the following passages from the *History of the Char-volant*, or kite-carriage, bear significantly on the subject we are now upon. The kite employed in the first experiments (made early in the present century) had a surface of fifty-five square feet. "Nor was less progress made in the experimental department when large weights were required to be raised or transposed. While on this subject, we must not omit to observe that the first person who soared aloft in the air by this invention was a lady, whose courage would not be denied this test of its strength. An arm-chair was brought on the ground, then; lowering the cordage of the kite by slackening the lower brace, the chair was firmly lashed to the main-line, and the lady took her seat. The main-brace being hauled taut, the huge buoyant sail rose aloft with its fair burden, continuing to ascend to the height of a hundred yards. On descending, she expressed herself much pleased with the easy motion of the kite and the delightful prospect she had enjoyed. Soon after this, another experiment of a similar nature took place, when the inventor's son successfully carried out a design not less safe than bold—that of scaling by this powerful aerial machine the brow of a cliff two hundred feet in perpendicular height. Here, after safely landing, he again took his seat in a chair expressly prepared for the purpose, and, detaching the swivel-line which kept it at its elevation, glided gently down the cordage to the hand of the director. The buoyant sail employed on this occasion was thirty feet in height, and had a proportionate spread of canvas. The rise of the machine was most majestic, and nothing could surpass the steadiness with which it was manœuvred, the certainty with which it answered the action of the braces, and the ease with which its power was lessened or increased. . . . Subsequently to this, an experiment of a very bold and novel character was made upon an extensive down, where a waggon with a considerable load was drawn along, whilst this huge machine at the same time carried an observer aloft in the air, realizing almost the romance of flying."

We have here abundant evidence of the supporting and elevating power of the air. This power is, however, in a sense, dormant. It requires to be called into action by suitable contrivances. In the kite, advantage is taken of the motion of the air. In flight, advantage must be taken of motion athwart the air, this motion being, in the first place, communicated while the *aéronaut* or flying-machine is on the ground. Given a sufficient extent of supporting surface and an adequate velocity, any body, however heavy, may be made to rise from the ground; and there can be no question that mechanics can devise the means of obtaining at least a sufficient velocity of motion to raise either a man or a flying-machine, provided with no greater extent of supporting surface than would be manageable in either case. It is not the difficulty of obtaining from the air *at starting* the requisite supporting power that need deter the *aéronaut*. The real difficulties are those which follow. The velocity of motion must be maintained, and should admit of being increased. There must be the means of increasing the elevation, however slowly. There must be the means of guiding the *aéronaut's* flight. And, lastly, the *aéronaut* or the flying-machine must fly with well-preserved balance—the supporting power of the air depending entirely on the steadiness with which the supporting surfaces traverse it.

We believe that these difficulties are not insuperable; and not only so, but that none of the failures recorded during the long history of *aéronautical* experiments need discourage us from trusting in eventual success. Nearly all those failures have resulted from the neglect of conditions which have now been shown to be essential to the solution of the problem. Nothing but failure could be looked for from the attempts hitherto made; and indeed, the only wonder is that failure has not been always as disastrous as in the case of Cocking's ill-judged descent. If a man who has made no previous experiments will insist on jumping from the summit of a steeple, with untried wings attached to his arms, it cannot greatly be wondered at that he falls to the ground and breaks his limbs, as Allard and others have done. If, notwithstanding the well-known weakness of the human breast-muscles, the *aéronaut* tries to rise by flapping wings like a bird's, we cannot be surprised that he should fail in his purpose. Nor again can we wonder if attempts to direct balloons from the car should fail, when we know that the car could not even be drawn with ropes against a steady breeze without injury to the supporting balloon. And we need look no further for the cause of the repeated failures of all the flying-machines yet constructed, than to the fact that no adequate provision has yet been made to balance such machines, so that they may travel steadily through the air. It seems to have been supposed that if propelling and elevating power were supplied, the flying-machine would balance itself; and accordingly, if we examine the proposed constructions, we find that in nine cases out of ten (if not in all) the machine would be as likely to travel bottom-upwards as on an even keel. The common parachute (which, however, is not a flying-machine) is the only instance we can think of in

NOTES ON FLYING AND FLYING-MACHINES.

which a non-buoyant machine for aerial locomotion has possessed what is called "a position of rest."

Perhaps the gravest mistake of all is that of supposing that, on a first trial, a man could balance himself in the air by means of wings. Placed, for the first time, in deep water, man is utterly unable to swim, and if left to himself will inevitably drown; although a very slight and very easily acquired knowledge of the requisite motions will enable him to preserve his balance. And yet it seems to have been conceived by most of those who have attempted flight, that, when first left to himself in open air, with a more or less ingeniously contrived apparatus attached to him, a man can not only balance himself in that unstable medium, but can resist the down-drawing action of gravity (which scarcely acts at all on the swimmer), and wing his way through the air by a series of new and untried movements!

It encourages confidence in the attempts now being made to solve the problem of aerial locomotion, that they are tentative,—founded on observation and experiment, and not on vague notions respecting the manner in which birds fly. Fresh experiments are to be made, more particularly on the supporting power of the air upon bodies of different form, moving with different degrees of velocity. These experiments are under the charge of Messrs. Browning and Wenham, of the Aeronautical Society, whose skill in experimental research, and more particularly in inquiries depending on mechanical considerations, will give a high value to their deductions. The question of securing the equipoise of flying-machines has also received attention; and it is probable that the principle of the instrument called the gyroscope will be called into action to secure steadiness of motion, at least in the experimental flights. What this principle is, need not here be scientifically discussed. But it may be described as the tendency of a rotating body to preserve unchanged the direction of the axis about which the body is rotating. The spinning-top and the quoit (well thrown), afford illustrations of this principle. The peculiar flight of a flat missile, already referred to, depends on the same principle; for the flight only exhibits the peculiarities mentioned when the missile is caused to whirl in its own plane. But the most striking evidence yet given of the steadying property of rotation, is that afforded by the experiments of Professor Piazzi Smyth, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland. During the voyage to Teneriffe (where, it will be remembered, his well-known Astronomer's Experiment was carried out), he tested the power of the gyroscope in giving steadiness by causing a telescope to be so mounted, that the stand could not shift in position without changing the axial pose of a heavy rotating disc. The disc was set in rapid rotation by the sailors, and then the Professor directed the telescope towards a ship on the horizon. A fresh wind was blowing, so that everything on deck was swayed in lively sort by the tossing vessel; nor did the telescope *seem* a whit steadier—the motion of objects round it giving to the instrument an appearance of equal instability. But the

officers were invited to look through the tube, and to their amazement, the distant ship was seen as steady in the middle of the telescopic field as though, instead of being set up on a tossing and rolling ship, the telescope had been mounted in an observatory on *terra firma*. The principle of the gyroscope has also been used for the purpose of so steadying the stand of a photographic camera placed in the car of a balloon, that photographs might be taken despite the tendency of the balloon to rotate. As applied to flying-machines, the gyroscope would require to be so modified in form that its weight would not prove an overload for the machine. This is practicable, because a flat horizontal disc, rotating rapidly, will support itself in the air if travelling horizontally forward with adequate swiftness. In other words, since travelling-machines *must* travel swiftly, the gyroscopic portion of the machine may be made to support itself.

It is this property of enforced rapidity of motion which renders the probable results of the mastery of our problem so important. It has been well remarked that two problems will be solved at once, when the first really successful flying-machine has been made,—not only the problem of flight, but the problem of travelling more swiftly than by any contrivances yet devised. In the motion of a flying-machine, as distinguished from the flight of man by his own exertions, the swiftness of the bird's flight may be more than matched. It is a mere mechanical problem which has to be solved; and few mechanicians will deny that when once the true principles of flight have been recognized, the ingenuity of man is capable of constructing machines in which these principles shall be carried out. Iron and steam have given man the power of surpassing the speed of the swiftest of four-footed creatures,—the horse, the greyhound, and the antelope. We have full confidence that the same useful servants place it in man's power to outvie in like manner the swiftest of winged creatures,—the swallow, the pigeon, and the hawk.

Spain: her Social Condition.

WHEN we ventured, some time ago, upon a sketch of Spain and her Revolution,* the extent of the subject compelled us to confine ourselves almost exclusively to questions of history and politics. On that occasion we pointed out, as the key to Spain's political condition, the combination—varied by antagonism—of old obsolete Spanish backwardness with a continual adoption of French administrative and executive reforms. We dwelt much on the long comparative isolation, ancient and modern, of the country, and glanced at the fact that this very isolation unfitted her for using the improving and enriching elements which she is gradually receiving from other states. But, naturally, we had but scanty space for commenting on her social condition, a basis underlying and determining the political condition of Spain, as of all other lands. The present paper is intended as a sequel to the paper referred to above, and to develop and illustrate points which we left imperfectly handled, or not handled at all.

The traveller who takes up one of the ex-sovereign's sovereigns, the *isabelino*, and sees her ex-Majesty described as "Queen of the *Spains*," does not always understand how true the old-fashioned title is. Ford will have taught him, in that admirable work which is really almost degraded by the title of a *Handbook*, that the historical provinces were divided in imitation of the French departments. But sixteen years have passed since Ford published his last edition; and the historical provinces still stand out, in spite of railways, more distinct from each other, politically and morally, than is the case in any other kingdom; the division into departments having done scarcely anything towards facilitating general unity. Few Englishmen know that, even in France, and as late as after the French Revolution, provinces like Languedoc still retained sufficient independence to apportion their own taxation; and that one of the causes which finally welded the south of France to the north was the invasion by our Wellington of France at the close of the Peninsular War. Yet, long before that time, France was essentially compact—an advantage often dwelt upon by her enemy, but admirer, Frederick the Great. Spain, on the other hand, is, even to-day, rather a cluster of provinces than a kingdom, as the late Revolution has assisted to show. An Andalusian, for instance, is as much a stranger in Catalonia as an Englishman; while a Castilian considers the Andaluz a trifier, and the Catalan a boor. The old differences of language exist with wonderful tenacity, after centuries of nominal unity. Basque, of course, stands by itself, and no Spaniard from

* CORNHILL MAGAZINE, February, 1871.

other quarters pretends, or attempts, to understand it ; but the dialects of Latin origin are still flourishing in mutual unintelligibility. The Andalusians, what with Moorish and gipsy influences, and a natural turn for jocose slang, speak in a style which puzzles their brother Spaniards from sea to sea. The Catalans, even in Barcelona, are as little to be understood, in their turn, as Frenchmen or Italians. The Valencian tongue is neither Catalan nor Andalusian ; while to all the provinces, except the Castiles, Castilian is rather a language of the Court, the Government, and the literature, than a familiar language spoken with purity even by the upper classes.

Language, however, is only one of many provincial differences. The types of character are as distinct as the types of speech. The Castilian is a serious gentleman, who deplores the levity of the age, and looks upon the recent French disasters as provoked by the frivolity of Frenchmen. He it is who represents (on a sadly reduced scale) the old hidalgo, from whom our Elizabethan forefathers took their ideal of the don. When he exaggerates his peculiarities, from the accident of being a blockhead, he becomes the "Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard," of *Love's Labour's Lost*. There have been speakers in the existing Cortes quite absurdly pompous enough to talk, like that grandee, of "the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon." The Castilian, however, makes himself respected by all other Spaniards. He is still, in the general decadence, a kind of representative of the nation ; and the vainest provincial whom the Revolution has sent to the Cortes hesitates at the effect which his untutored accent may produce upon the Castilian ear. The Andaluz, again, is a clever, lively fellow, more sociable than most Spaniards, and, when enterprising, more speculative in commerce. A good Andalusian trading family will send its sons to Oscott or Stoneyhurst to get a generous culture, while a Catalan family is content if their youth picks up in England or Germany on a humbler scale enough knowledge of modern languages to make him useful in the warehouse and at the desk. The Andaluz is an orator and journalist, like Castelar or Gonzalez Brabo. He is often found in the army, where he is a trifle empty, but genial and polite. When a duller type of Spaniard is jealous of the Andaluz, he invariably assures you that he is insincere—that he has nothing *here*. And at this point the speaker strikes his breast, with that love of gesticulation which is so common among all varieties of the Spanish breed. The Spaniard of the north, say of Bilbao, is rather a favourite with foreigners, and takes to them as kindly, and more to the purpose, than the Andalusian. He is improving, as a commercial man, more rapidly than the men of the Mediterranean, thanks to the bracing influences of the northern races and the northern sea. The Catalan's position in the group is easily defined—he is the shopkeeper of the Peninsula. There are many thousand Catalans so employed in Madrid ; while those who stay at home keep up the typical characteristics by living, as much as their eagerness to make money will allow them,

entirely among themselves. They are industrious, especially if measured by the Spanish standard; cunning, close-fisted, indifferent to culture in all its forms, inhospitable, provincial—in short, they represent the prose of Spain, of which the poetry is embodied in the traditions and legends, the letters and art, of the Castilles and Andalusia.

It would be impossible, in the space of a mere essay, to deal adequately with such other points of unlikeness between the provinces of Spain as the differences of land-tenure and local customs. These exist, not as between province and province only, speaking of the historical provinces, but within such provinces themselves. They have come down from remote times, and have survived modern changes; while the commercial code (for instance) is almost entirely modelled upon that of France. The general effect of the diversities we have pointed out, strengthened, as these are, by diversities of interest, is to retard seriously the progress of the country as a whole. Andalusia, which exports wines, is friendly to free trade. Catalonia, which manufactures cotton goods, loathes the very name. A Madrid republican is "unitarian," because he regards his city as the centre of Spain which ought to keep Spain together. A Barcelona republican is "federal," because he thinks, as a Catalan, that Catalonia ought to govern herself. Meanwhile, Madrid does not hold the kind of moral position in the eyes of Spaniards which London does in that of Englishmen, or Paris in that of Frenchmen. True to its origin, it is the seat of the government, rather than the head of the nation in a high sense. The provincials know, of course, that it is the centre of fashion, and of what literature or art exists in the kingdom. They know, only too well, that it is the fountain of patronage. But they do not, to use a familiar phrase, look up to it. Madrid is very proud of itself, but Spain is by no means so proud of Madrid. There is a keen jealousy of the capital, which is regarded as enriching itself at the expense of the provinces. The first money raised for the payment of anybody goes to Madrid officials. Concessions for enterprises in all parts of Spain, are granted at Madrid. That city, therefore, is only a kind of station from which Spain is ruled; and this centralization, which ought to stimulate and assist the local energies of the whole country, does as much to retard as to foster them. A scheme that might benefit Cadiz, Saragossa, or any other city, is jobbed at Madrid to the political friends or fellow-conspirators of a minister; the provincial city distrusts it; and the scheme falls to the ground, after a few victims (often foreigners) have suffered severely in purse and temper. Such is the action of the defective unity of Spain, where head and body have not yet learned to work together, and where the limbs hang loosely and stragglingly; at once a cause and an effect of the feebleness of the whole organization.

What, then, secures such degree of unity as the country does possess, in however defective a form? To this we answer, the action of two bodies—the army and the Church. In another age we should have put the Church first; but the Church is not all that it was, whereas the army

is more important than ever. The army holds society together, and binds to one another, as it were with a sword-belt, the discordant and dissimilar provinces. The supreme government of Spain, general and local, is always military. Every province is ruled by a captain-general, with a staff; under whom is a second head, *segundo cabo*; and this officer is the real master; the superior, even of the civil governor, who is supposed to have the direction of civil affairs. We are at a loss, after some years' residence in Spain, to know what a captain-general cannot do. He can set aside the municipal elections of a great town, and keep in the old town council (*ayuntamiento*) because he likes their politics better. He can move his troops where he pleases, billeting them where he pleases. He can suppress a newspaper. He can arrest and imprison anybody he likes (as indeed the civil governor can also), "on suspicion," and bring him before the tribunals, at his leisure. These things happen sometimes on the pretext of martial law, but also without it; and they happen under the Constitution produced by the Revolution of 1868, and supposed to endow Spaniards with all the most inalienable rights of the human race. Spain, in fact, is, in one sense, always under "martial law." Every ministry, of every colour, has a soldier for its head. Naturally, therefore, in Spain, the army is a political career. Soldiership there, is what public life and parliamentary life are in England, a regular mode of rising in the state and influencing the state's policy. The present king, we believe, has called for the *hoja de servicios*, the roll of services, of every officer in the army. The collection will be very instructive. With a proper attention to dates, his Majesty will be able to know the politics of almost every important officer in the service. Each step of promotion will be found to synchronize with some *pronunciamiento*, rising, or revolution. There are officers, each stripe of lace on whose sleeves represents a successful conspiracy of one kind or another; sometimes the betrayal of a conspiracy, which is worse. Whatever else changes in Spain, this *militarismo* never changes. And, we may add, without intending any sarcasm in particular, that the internal duty of keeping order and directing politics is the only European duty that a Spanish army can now perform. A force of some eighty thousand men, officered and armed as the Spanish army is, could not venture into the arena, where closed with each other the giants of last summer. Indeed no Spanish general has seen real war, war of the Crimean or the 1870 stamp. It always puzzles a foreign observer, first, how they get so many decorations, and, secondly, how they pay for them.

When an army, however, discharges such transcendent internal function as the Spanish army, the question of its composition becomes one of interest. The composition of that army is less aristocratic than it used to be. The wonderful aristocracy of hats has all but deserted the last branch of the public service which even degenerate aristocracies quit. This is, perhaps, no great loss; but the general result is to lower the social standard of the whole body of officers nevertheless. The best

officers, in all senses, are those of the artillery and engineers. They have a severe training at their colleges, into which they pass out of schools in correspondence with them, which they have entered upon the nomination of the Crown. The cavalry, too, have a college; but this is an arm in which Spain has never been strong. The college for the infantry has been abolished, and the cadets are attached to regiments to learn their duties. English officers, who have watched the exercises of these regiments within the last year or two, think little of the way in which they are handled. The Spanish infantry officer is deficient in professional instruction. As for his general culture, we need hardly say that it is scarcely worth talking about. He rarely knows even the sister Latin language—French. He has never travelled. He has no elevating or refining tastes; and his intelligence, when he has any, is employed chiefly upon the wearisome, sterile complications of faction, which make up the “politics” of his native land. His life is best described as an empty one. When the day’s routine is over, nothing remains but the casino or the café. Athletic and other sports are unknown, unless, indeed, the hunting of poor little milliner-girls is to be classed among the latter. Reading, with the exception of the occasional perusal of a bad Spanish translation of the lower class of French novels, is out of the question. If the man has superior talents and energy, the temptation to conspire is great. A successful conspiracy means promotion, employment, distinction, money. Here, then, is a constant danger to Spain. An army is a paramount necessity; but an army, essentially professional and political at the same time, can never work in harmony with a constitutional system. One chief reason why the Spanish republicans, though so numerous in the towns, have never yet gained a success, is, that it is part of their policy to attack the army as an army. They object to standing armies on principle, and hence make few converts in a force which regards their existence as a menace to its own. The private soldiers of the Spanish army are raised by a conscription which is keenly dreaded, and from which the well-to-do classes purchase exemption by money. They are poorly paid—four cuartos and a half, something less than twopence, a day—out of which they have to find soap and threads. Their food is *ranchito*,—a broth of beans and rice with bacon in it, and we believe that there is no allowance of wine, unless when they are serving outside the towns. One excellent regulation is, that those who choose are taught to read and write. Promotion from the ranks is not uncommon in the line regiments, and of late years has been upon the increase. The political character of the military career is favourable to the rise of ambitious sergeants, who share with the commissioned officers the dangers and rewards of barrack intrigue. And, hence, one often encounters in Spain officers who have neither the education nor the manners of gentlemen. Nevertheless, familiarity between officers and their inferiors is discouraged in Spain, and has, probably, never prevailed there so much as in the army of France.

Spain has always been ruled by cross and sword—*cruz* and *espada*. The priest has governed the soul, the soldier the body of the sunburnt inhabitant of that sunburnt land. We have said already that the clergy in Spain are not what they were. Not, indeed, that we suppose—like the credulous old ladies who fatten missionaries—that Spaniards are about to become Protestants, in any respectable sense of that vague word. Real Protestantism is not a negation, but builds on a faith of its own against the faith which it quits; and learning, manliness, and independence of character are among its indispensable conditions. All we say is, that the Spanish Church is weaker than it used to be, and has come weaker out of every revolution that has taken place since 1808. We can always test the power of that Church, at any time, by the simple question, what toleration do heretics meet with? May they worship in peace? May they bury their dead with decency? In every modern revolution, with its accompanying constitution, something has been gained on these points; till, at last (since 1868) we enjoy almost the same amount of religious liberty which we conceded to the Roman Catholics at Gibraltar by the Treaty of Utrecht! There seems, indeed, a doubt whether we may build churches; but, at least, we can read a service in a “church-room,” open to the public, with more security than in the days when we had nothing to rely upon but the good-natured connivance of a captain-general. Then, there are “Protestant” schools of different sects, for the education of Spanish children, in Madrid, Seville, Barcelona, and other cities; and the Protestant missionary, so far from being exposed to persecution, is a prosperous person, eating and drinking well in the bosom of his (usually large) family. There is, in fact, some danger that the tendency to proselytize of the more illiterate of these persons may, some day, provoke a reaction. Already, it has become a difficulty to bury those who, by attending Protestant schools, forfeit their right to the ministrations of the Church. Hence the measure recently carried into effect, for the “secularisation of cemeteries,” by which it has been ordered that every cemetery shall have a place for the interment of those who die out of the Church’s communion. The clergy are compelled to submit to this, but they do so with a very bad grace. The government of the bishopric of Barcelona, for instance, has ordered that the ground so set apart shall be divided from the rest of the cemetery by a wall; that it shall be ground where no “faithful” have been interred, or from which the bodies of the faithful shall have been exhumed; that it shall have a distinct gate of entrance; and shall bear no sign of any distinct religion.* All this is mere spite; but the change could not have been made if the Spanish Church retained the power which it had only three years ago. Another great blow to the ecclesiastical cause has been the institution of civil marriages. Mixed marriages, between Catholics and Protestants, have never been allowed by the Church in Spain. That Church requires the

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conversion of a Protestant before it will unite him to a Catholic woman. But the women of Spain are beginning to think and act for themselves, and are often found to be contented with a marriage made first by a foreign consul and afterwards by a Spanish magistrate.

All these facts point to a gradual diminution of ecclesiastical power ; but they must not be over-rated. And there are facts on the other side, which no sensible or impartial man can overlook. No movement for the reform of the Church comes from within the Church, as it did among the Northern nations in the sixteenth century. The Spaniards in orders who revolt are never distinguished men ; and we are sorry to add, from our personal knowledge, that they are sometimes blackguards. On Sundays and other *días de fiesta*, the largest churches are filled, and although many days are no longer holidays by law, the law proves less strong than the custom. A thunder-storm sets people sprinkling the house with holy water. The streets are full of kneelers in the mud when the *viático* passes under a scarlet canopy, with the little bell ringing. Nor does any respectable Spaniard, in the most revolutionary city, approach death without his friends paying him the compliment of carrying a torch in the rear of the sacraments to the door of his sick-chamber. During the height of the excitement produced by the Revolution of 1868, we saw the sacraments taken to the rooms of an artillery officer by his comrades of the regiment. The *viático* was borne by a priest in a carriage. The officers walked before it, bareheaded, with torches. The band played the royal march. Everybody within sight fell upon their knees ; and the priest passed, with his sacred burden, among kneeling spectators from the carriage to the house. All such customs are deeply rooted in Spanish life ; and are, besides, deliberately cherished by the upper classes, noble and commercial equally, as securities for public order. If you talk to a man of these classes about the Protestant schools, he will tell you that they make Spaniards indifferent, or atheistic, but not Protestant. And this general conviction is worthy of serious consideration. The Spanish opposition to the Church is, properly speaking, not so much due to a wish to reform the Church, as it is a part of the general revolutionary movement of Europe, the head-quarters of which are in France. The Spaniard of this way of thinking is not a Protestant, and still less a Protestant of the so-called Evangelical type, but a Republican in politics, and, in religion, a follower of the Volneys and others, who have been carefully translated for his benefit. And, although he is out-numbered, even in cities which return Republican deputies, by the orthodox, we are to remember that, from the nature of the case, he belongs to the active and enterprising party. Catalonia and Andalusia contain thousands of Republicans, Socialists, and Communists among the working-men. The International has its branches in Spain, as elsewhere ; and wherever such views prevail, they are accompanied by hostility to the Church, and disbelief in its doctrines.

Of the composition of the Spanish Church, we may note, first, that,

like the army, it has ceased to be an aristocratic body. If St. Simon went to Toledo now, he would not be received, as he was in 1722, by a Pimentel. Nor, we venture to say, would the dignitaries of the Church be so fluent in Latin speech as the accomplished Duke found them. Having given up its property under a concordat, and lost so much of its power and dignity as it has by successive revolutions, and the influence of French literature, the Church of Spain does not fill the proud station in the world's eye which it filled of old. The clergy come mostly from inferior families, especially from inferior families of the rural districts. They receive, not a liberal, but a merely technical, education, at *seminarios* devoted to the instruction of their class, where some Latin and some theology make up the total of their attainments. The want of Greek, nearly universal amongst them, shuts them out from real learning; and the want of modern languages from all contact with new ideas. A Spanish priest, for example, knows just as little of Dr. Newman's *Apologia*, or Count Montalembert's *Monks of the West*, as of Aristotle or the *Septuagint*. Hence, there is nothing like a Liberal Catholic party, such as one associates with Montalembert's name, in Spain, where you only find a bigot in a black gown, or a free-thinker in a red cap. There is, on the other hand, nothing to supply to the mass of priests the want of social traditions and culture. Travel is not within their reach. Society, in the English or French sense, is equally unattainable. For, although they exercise great influence upon the women of families, by the confessional and otherwise, they do not mix with general society, like the clergy of our country. A Spanish bishop lives in his dreary old palace with two or three of his clergy about him, to take a hand at cards in a quiet way in the evening, if required. A Spanish priest passes his life in lodgings, and solaces himself with the cigar which etiquette forbids him to take in public. Their countrymen, meanwhile, are at the cafés and theatres, or holding a kind of conversazione, remarkable chiefly for the want of amusement and refreshments. Everything throws the priest back upon his profession, in the narrowest sense of the word; and hence his intense sacerdotalism and intense ultramontanism. Then, again, he is very poor, for the State is always in arrears with his salary—another influence throwing him out of harmony with the modern life of his nation. That he is often a charitable, pious-minded, long-suffering man, none but vulgar bigots, who live by trying to undermine his faith, will deny. On the morals of the order, which their celibacy makes a delicate subject, it is impossible for a foreigner to speak with authority. Spaniards of a revolutionary turn laugh at the notion of their having any morals—but how trust a professed enemy's word? What one generally hears is, that the life of a priest in the cities is, on the whole, respectable. In the country, where he is more master of the position, his household occasionally provokes humorous criticism. It is said to consist of an old woman, who cooks, and of a younger and better-looking female, a housekeeper, whose duties are less accurately defined. That the confessional, meanwhile,

gives a fearful advantage to a priest who happens to be a villain, is a fact which forces itself upon all students of Spanish institutions.

However indispensable to Spain the army and the Church, and in spite of the undoubted merit of individuals in both, few observers hope much from either institution in the way of real national improvement. What is wanted by Spain is a purer civil government; a higher standard of education; and a development of industrial and commercial life. At present the civilians who share with the soldier (though generally in unequal proportions), the country's direction, have far too much of the adventurer about them. The political world is recruited by the clever, unscrupulous fellows of half-a-dozen other worlds—journalists, lecturers, engineers, dramatic writers, fiddlers—who prefer living on the estimates (*cobrar del presupuesto*) as the Spaniards say, to the dull pursuit of a profession. Politics in Spain, accordingly, have a constant tendency to degenerate into a trade. Spain is rich in political slang, and politicians of this class are familiarly known as *pasteleros*, or pastrycooks, because as a pastrycook will make you a paste of anything you prefer, so these men defend any opinions that seem likely to pay. The competition for public employment, the *empleomania*, of Spain, is intensely keen; few Spaniards have the energy for a professional or commercial career; and office brings opportunities with it, even more attractive than the salary. The adventurer, then, begins by endeavouring to make himself useful and formidable in the wars of faction, and factions are so divided that there is plenty of choice for him. Journalism is one field, and at least nine-tenths of the literary talent of the country goes into journalism. There is, in fact, no remuneration in Spain for any higher kind of literature. Mention to a Spanish professor, or other man employed upon books, the sum paid for copyright in London, and the national interjection *caramba!* leaps to his lips at once. A reading public, in the English sense, does not exist. The women, to begin with, never read at all; and, hence, lose the refining influence which poetry and the higher fiction exercise upon the sex in cultivated countries. Those men who do read, employ themselves principally upon the translations from the French, to which several allusions have been already made. It is a curious fact, and one we believe true of Spain alone, that the most popular English novelists are only known by translations made from French translations. We looked into a Spanish *Oliver Twist*, due to this double process, the other day. It had been considerably abridged for one thing, and what our poor friend Bumble had become, the lovers of English humour may guess. Well, the writing talent of the nation, under such circumstances, goes, we say, chiefly, into journalism, or into such manufacture of native farce for the theatres as the severity of French competition permits. Journalism is a political career, as it was in France before the second empire, and the number of newspapers in Madrid is decidedly large in proportion to the population.

The Madrid newspaper most read in the provinces is the *Correspondencia*

de España, a curious medley of paragraphs from every source, with foreign telegrams. The *Correspondencia* is supposed to be neutral, or non-political; but it is observed to interest itself very much in all news favourable to the Duke of Montpensier, and to be, perhaps, a little ludicrously eager to contradict all reports to the prejudice of his Highness. Hence, the *Correspondencia* is considered Montpensierista. It is the only Madrid paper on sale in the provincial cities, the others being only to be seen at clubs (*circulos*, or *casinos*), and at some cafés. The *Iberia* is the most prominent organ of the Progressistas, and has been the stoutest champion of the Ministries which have administered Spain since the Revolution. It is a paper of considerable vigour, and of a rather violent type, and has been the stepping-stone to public employment of a somewhat remarkable number of Liberal writers. But it lacks the solidity and elegance of the *Epoca*, the discreet friend of the old dynasty, and subtle critic of the Revolution and its consequences; the one periodical of Madrid which gives to a reading foreigner the kind of pleasure he derives from the *Journal des Debats* or the *Saturday Review*. It is a lesson in modern Castilian to read the best articles in the *Epoca*. Other journals of note are the *Politica*, *Imparcial*, and *Discussion*; and Madrid is always strong in "little journals," as the French call them—comic and satirical prints, like the *Cascabel* and the now defunct *Gorda*. Satire is, and always was, a Spanish talent; and there is so much division in politics, and such a hungry struggle for power, that the talent gets sharpened to the finest edge. The famous Gonzalez Brabo, the ex-Queen's minister, rose by a style of writing which even his admirers would probably now admit to be infamous. It will be agreed, we think, that a controversial press, with a dash of scurrility, is hardly the best school from which to draw statesmen, governors of provinces, and important officers of the revenue. Yet Spain is obliged to resort to such fountains, as she is to resort to the barracks for another section of politicians, in the absence of a cultivated upper class with a sense of public duty.

A stranger who comes to reside in Spain, and who hears that her aristocracy still possess a half or two-thirds of the land of the country, is likely to fancy that the materials exist for founding a constitution that, embracing land, commerce, and the ability for which an open career has been long provided, might have a solidity unknown to the rest of the so-called Latin nations. But, in the face of realities, these visions vanish. There are plenty of people of a conservative turn of mind in Spain, who deplore the rule of adventurers, military and civil, seeing its effects on the character of the administration, far and wide; on the national finances; the development of national resources; credit abroad, and security at home. But in no case do such Spaniards look to their aristocracy for any help; and this is all the more startling to the stranger, because he has learned from his youth upwards to regard the Spaniards as an aristocratic nation by history and traditions. The truth is that, except as an element in the social life of Madrid—a life not representing the best old

Spanish spirit, but modified by foreign dynasties and foreign manners, giving a colour of false brilliancy to national decay—the Spanish nobility does not exist. The forms of a nobility exist, as the forms of lions and eagles do in the natural-history department of a museum; but there is no life. Were form alone regarded, the nobility of Spain would present an imposing spectacle, as it certainly does on paper. There are only some twenty English dukedoms and twenty English marquessates extant; whereas Spain has no less than eighty-two dukedoms and 729 marquessates. As such titles are in nearly every case heritable by females, it follows that several of each are concentrated upon the heads of individual nobles. The Duque de Osuna has eight dukedoms; the Duque de Medina-Celi five; the Duque de Berwick four; and so on—while ten marquessates also centre in the Duque de Osuna, twelve in the Duque de Medina-Celi, eight in the Duque de Berwick, and nine in the Duque de Prias. But, making every allowance for such multiplication of titles in particular persons usually *grandees*, the fact remains that there are many more dukes and marquesses alone in Spain, than there are peers of all ranks whatever in England. And, then, we have to add to the said dukes and marquesses more than 500 *condes*, or earls, with viscounts and barons into the bargain. We have enumerated here only the actual holders of these titles, the *Grandes de España*, and *Titulos del Reino*—the chiefs of families. But when we add that their children also bear titles, and that there is a large body of untitled nobles, only distinguished by the “*de*,” we have done enough to show what a most powerful body the Spanish aristocracy might be, if it had the qualities and the training of a real aristocracy. It has sufficient antiquity to affect the popular imagination and gratify the historical sentiment of the country. We say “sufficient,” because the proportion of houses of really ancient and illustrious descent in Spain is not larger than among ourselves—nay, the *proportion*, speaking strictly, is not so large, for hundreds of houses were advanced by the Bourbons and Hapsburgs, and few are those which can be proved to have been among the *ricos-hombres* in the days of the *Reyes-Catolicos* Ferdinand and Isabella. Giron and Velasco, La Cerda and Pimentel, Carvajal and Ponce de Leon, are very distinguished names; but they are not better names than Berkeley, Byron, Courtenay, Devereux, Stanley, or Talbot.

Then, again, the Spanish aristocracy has at no time been visited by destruction, like that of France. It has, in consequence of modern revolutions, been mulcted in some of its advantages, as when the *diezmos*, a kind of lay tithe, payable on certain lands, were abolished. But there has been no confiscation of estates, and landed property is still the chief property of Spain, which has never had commerce enough to create a class of millionaires capable of rivalling a nobility or buying them out. Madrid and *grandeeism*, the torpor induced by absolutism in State and Church, the low state of all education, private vices, and unhealthy habits, have reduced what ought to be the cream of the nation to a condition

inferior to that of its poorest milk. Mr. Ford, Washington Irving, and the wisest modern observers, concur in having a good word always for the Spanish peasant. But the man of the towns and the upper classes has ceased to be the historical Spaniard, without mastering the essence of modern civilization, which yet he dabbles in from time to time, although never able to make up his mind to take heartily to the activity, enterprise, and frank, genial communication with foreign lands and foreigners which it requires.

The more hopeful Spaniards explain the nullity of their upper classes by the want of education, and hope great things from its gradual improvement. The scheme of national education is sufficiently extensive, and elaborate, and we may say of it, as of the aristocratic body, that, on paper, nothing could be more gratifying. The various educational establishments are placed, one above the other, in harmonious gradation. In the base we have the schools of primary instruction—*Primera Enseñanza*—with inspectors for each province, the provinces being divided into three classes, according to their importance. There are several classes of normal schools in this branch, and schools for the deaf-and-dumb and blind. Next comes the department of Secondary Instruction *Segunda Enseñanza*—which has *institutos* all over the kingdom—two at Madrid, and forty-eight in the provincial cities, from Alicante to Zamora. These *Institutos Provinciales de Segunda Enseñanza* answer to our grammar schools and public schools, and prepare the lads who are to enter the professions for the universities. The universities of Spain are ten in number—those of Madrid (called also the Universidad Central), Barcelona, Granada, Oviedo, Salamanca, Santiago, Seville, Valencia, Valladolid, and Saragossa. In all of them there are faculties of philosophy and letters, the exact and physical sciences, pharmacy, medicine, and law; while Madrid, Oviedo, Salamanca, Santiago, Seville, and Saragossa have also faculties of theology. The system looks complete and perfect enough. The only objection to so large a plan is that the country is not educated. A very large majority of the common people can neither read nor write. We have ourselves met with instances of rich old ladies unable to sign their own names. In the case of Spanish women, however, some allowance must be made, for it is well known that all education of the sex was long deliberately discouraged by the Church, and by those whose sympathies were with the Church up to quite recent times. The higher education is, relatively, no better than that of the lower. The unlucky nobility were deprived of *their* best chance by the forcible suppression, some years ago (on "Liberal" grounds) of their *Seminarios Nobles*, where they got a tincture of polite learning, at all events, chiefly, we believe, from the Jesuits. The institutes and universities cannot command, in Spain, adequately-instructed professors, after so many years of national ignorance; while religious bigotry for a long time, and vulgar prejudice still, excluded, and excludes, professors from other countries. Hence, the law-professors complain that their pupils have not Latin

enough to study their subjects; while the medical teachers teach from translations of foreign books, but have not skill sufficient to illustrate the theory by practice. Some of the universities can hardly keep their heads above water; and it is a fact that, within the last three years, it has been seriously intended to suppress the famous University of Salamanca. Accordingly, the more sensible Spaniards, who can afford it, send their children abroad for their education. But this can only partially affect the life of the nation, since a course of the national system is necessary to everybody entering the professions.

Much might be done for Spain by the introduction of foreigners, to which we have owed so much at different periods of our history in England. The foreigners who have settled hitherto have been chiefly ministers to small luxury—sellers of fancy-articles, confectioners, silk-mercers and makers of bonnets, perfumers, restaurateurs, and such people. These form the principal permanent colonists. The British immigrant has had rougher, harder, and more useful work to do. He has made the railways, driven the engines, and spoiled his own chances in such arts by teaching the natives, who supplant him on the first opportunity at lower wages. The Briton of the mechanic class had for a long time high wages in Spain, which he did not use very prudently. On one occasion, where an iron bridge was being made, it was found necessary to send to England, and to import from thence a giant, expressly to drive in certain nails. A giant was secured, and brought out to Spain regardless of expense. His first blow astounded the natives of Andalusia, who had seen nothing like it since the Good Sir James Douglas struck down the infidels on the field of Teba. But, alas! for the weaknesses of the great. The land was flowing with wine, which, in some parts of Spain, is more easily to be had than water. The giant proceeded to get drunk, and drunk he remained. His Delilah, the vine, ruined the British Samson, who was finally sent home as a distressed British subject by the Legation at Madrid. This national infirmity has done no little harm to the Briton abroad, and he is sometimes called *borracho*, a nickname which matches the far more hostile one of *gavacho* applied to the French. With regard to the higher and educated class of Englishmen, their influence upon Spain might be excellent, if Spanish jealousy would permit. The neighbourhood of Gibraltar has done wonders for the cleanliness and civilization of Cadiz. But, whereas a Spanish medical man has a free career in Gibraltar, the diplomas of an English medical man are not allowed their fair value in Spain. A case of this sort has come to our knowledge, where the envy of the local faculty and the local university has been exerted for years against an English surgeon doing good service in their own city, and (here lies the sting) preferred by their countrymen to themselves. When Spanish doctors fled from an epidemic, the English doctor remained. Where they wrung heavy fees from the poorest of their countrymen, he spared the lean purse of the toiling and needy. So they have persisted (in the teeth of the English certificates) in recognizing him

only in the lower walks of the profession, and he has been repeatedly forced to pay money in fines for the grievous offences of saving Spanish life, relieving Spanish suffering, and excelling Spanish doctors!

The state of the medical art, and of the national health, is, no doubt, one of the surest tests of a nation's civilization. The best Spanish physicians have studied at Montpellier and Paris. At home, they translate, as has been remarked, the foreign treatises; but their hospital practice is not good enough to form a body of skilled practitioners. Fluent talk is at once the gift and the curse of this, as of other divisions of Spanish life. It is true that the graduate in medicine is no longer forced to make oath that he will defend the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin; but there are customs hardly less absurd still existing. A certain form of crossing is practised to charm away erysipelas and face-swellings—not among the inland peasantry, but among the better sort of working people, and what we should call lower-middle-class people, in large cities, representing the most advanced Spanish life. The words which accompany the crossings are these:—"Jesus is born, Jesus is dead, Jesus is crucified, and it is true that this evil is cured." The operator is generally some old woman of that curious class which gains its living, in Spain, by repeating *Aves* and other prayers, from house to house, on certain days of the week, for a copper or two each time. Then, the Spanish barber still bleeds; and the quack—the *pharmacopola circumforaneus* of antiquity—drives through the streets, on holidays, to draw teeth and sell drugs, amidst an admiring crowd. Nor is his practice, it may be presumed, much inferior to that of higher practitioners. Men leave Spanish hospitals with legs badly set, and sores still sloughing. The diet is mean and miserable, and foreigners sink under it, for sheer want of nourishment and stimulants. And there are other evils of a different kind. These hospitals are often under ecclesiastical management; and the prior at their head naturally thinks the cure of the soul more important still than the cure of the body. He restricts the visits of the foreign chaplain to the narrowest range of time possible. He brings the instruments of conversion to bear upon the sick foreign mariner; and the British seaman, we believe—a man notoriously free from theological prejudices—not unfrequently listens to the voice of the ancient Church, with a dim hope that conversion will make the soup stronger, and, perhaps, even bring to his bedside that bottled porter which, in the well-regulated naval hospitals of his land, adds a charm to the period of convalescence.

Yet Spain requires the best resources of physic and surgery, for the Spaniards are not healthy, if we take the nation as a whole. The muleteer, the peasant, the vine-grower, are brawny and brown, no doubt; and the climate, wisely used, is full of life and luxury. Madrid, on the other hand, is a city dangerous to health; and the towns of the Mediterranean are remarkable even for those diseases which we of the North seek their shores to subdue or to avoid. Thus, there is much consumption both at Cadiz and at the cooler Barcelona. The rural type degenerates in the

towns more rapidly than among ourselves ; and in some chief cities the population is gradually declining—a great misfortune to a country which is under-peopled ; for Spain is really short of hands, as the condition of her agricultural districts shows ; and she loses many by emigration, who go away, not for want of love of their native soil, or of elbow-room at home, but because some evil spell seems to rest upon the land, making everything insecure, and frightening off the wealth and intelligence which, steadily applied for a century, would transform the whole kingdom. There has, of course, been some improvement during the last century ; but it has been slow, and has met with serious interruptions. To complete what we have said of the health of Spain, let us note the large mortality among children prevailing in the cities. This is due, no doubt, partly to hereditary feebleness, but partly, also, to bad sanitary conditions and obsolete modes of nursing—an excess of swaddling and coddling, with a minimum of air, water, and soap. That noble sight, a British infant exulting in its tub, excites only a shuddering wonder in a Spanish mother. The Spaniards take many precautions about their health. They are most careful of draughts ; discreet in the use of fruit and cooling drinks ; regular in their hours, with a constant eye to the variation of them according to the seasons and the position of their great friend—and yet enemy—the sun. They count the number of sea-baths they take in the summer ; they change their clothes on fixed days ; they go to bed, if they catch a cold, till they are rid of it. They are great people for drugs, and buy large quantities of quack medicines from every region of Europe. With all this, however, they tolerate disgraceful conditions of sewerage, neglect exercise and ablutions, and sap their constitutions by too early and too constant smoking. The stranger-resident, who studies their life—which to the tourist is a mere outside spectacle—is apt to be imperfectly satisfied with the excuse, given for all shortcomings, that they are due to “mis-government.”

This excuse meets one on all hands, and embodies, no doubt, a good deal of historical truth. But it is time that it was re-considered. The government of Spain is not a government by conquering foreigners, nor by a tyrannical upper class. Thirty years have passed since Liberalism established itself finally by arms ; and if there have been intervals of reaction, these have been due to the successes of powerful parties, not less Spanish than their Progressista enemies. When the ex-Queen's policy threatened to become permanently hostile to Liberalism, her dynasty fell almost without a blow. The army, the Church, the bureaucracy, are recruited from the people. The Cortes are elected by universal suffrage. In short, the government of Spain is a reflection, as exact as the government of any other country, of the nation. A foreign critic does not find that the captains-general, civil governors, and other officers of the state are inferior to his non-official acquaintance. A director of the Board of Health may be a rogue, but so, just as often, is a coal-merchant ; and a collector of Customs who winks at smuggling and

is bribed, is only doing, in another form, what is done by the trader who allows his agent to use false weights, or cheats the foreign ship-owner out of his demurrage. If the rulers of the country are long-winded and dilatory, the same fact is true of its men of business. It matters little to an Englishman, or Frenchman, whether he loses his money by placing it in the State's saving-bank, or is bled on the exchange by Logrero and Co., the usurers, who call themselves bankers. The central government of Spain, again, is not worse than the municipal governments; nor than the press; nor than the literature; nor than any other product of the general life. Unfortunately the Spaniards were so long dependent upon their rulers for everything, that they acquired the habit of looking to them for everything; and cannot but explain all short-comings still by there being something wrong at head-quarters. There is very much wrong there, no doubt. The absurdity lies in supposing that Spanish government is one thing, and Spain quite another; and that a monopoly of the failings and errors of a race *could* belong to the minority, drawn from its own bulk, with its own permission, and entrusted with the direction of their common interests.

Let us illustrate this view a little by comparing the weak points of the government of Spain with the weak points of that branch of its life most severe upon such government—the branch of commerce. The cardinal vices of the first are—want of business habits, and want of personal integrity. What any Spanish government officer's way of doing business is, people who have dealings with those officers best know. Questions are hung up for weeks, or never answered at all. Documents submitted in support of applications are lost—a fate, by the way, which often happens to passports deposited with the authorities pursuant to orders. Invitations to public ceremonies reach the invited person an hour before the ceremony begins. You are never sure of finding a functionary at his post. Sometimes he is out, or, *está comiendo*, he is eating; or you get a glimpse of him in his shirt-sleeves smoking a cigarette. Probably there will be a towel hanging out to dry from one of the front windows of a captain-general's palace; and the quarters of such a potentate, with their cracked roof, tawdry gilding gone to decay, dirty floor, and loafers in uniform spitting about, are less respectable than those of a minor pasha in Syria or the Levant. This queer, shiftless fashion of living and working, a sort of official "hugger-mugger," which a man must be in practical contact with in order to appreciate it, contrasts strikingly with the pompous, high-flying tone of the correspondence which emerges from amidst the dingy finery of such abodes of power. Our own official style is ludicrous enough, and would seem to suggest that the younger clerks are set to practise upon her Majesty's officers abroad. But the Spanish red-tape style rolls out like ribbons from the mouth of a conjuror. The adjectives walk three abreast. When a Consul finds himself addressed *Vuestra Señoría*, your Lordship, and his "elevated penetration" is appealed to, in the matter of the theft of a couple of buckets from the

brig Sally, he may be excused for grinning at the flattering despatch. And of course he must be ready with plenty of "flap-doodle" in return, and must take care to conclude by subscribing himself the *atento, seguro servidor de V. S.*—*Q.B.S.M.*, the last letters representing that figurative kissing of the hand which is expected from all polite persons in Spain. The Spaniards are by no means deficient in humour, and their humour is of a kind more congenial to Englishmen than the brilliant comedy of the French. There is a kind of simplicity and interest in small things also about them, which seems equally out of harmony with the formality of which we have been speaking, and the rodomontade of some of their best orators. But they are as serious as the grave in all matters of etiquette. And the only misfortune is, that while all this official etiquette is going on, the un-released prisoner is languishing in a gaol where he has not a bed to sleep upon; the merchant-ship is wasting precious time in the harbour, protesting in vain against a custom-house fine, imposed for some innocent breach of useless form, and to be divided among the custom-house officers; and the London or Hamburg house of business is longing for a decision in some law-case, the papers in which count by reams, and which will be settled by judges whose tenure of office is precarious—a few, it is said, resembling that judge whom Quevedo told—

O lávate las manos con Pilatos,
O con la bolsa abócate con Judas—

to wash his hands with Pilate, or to hang himself with Judas.

But, if procrastination, long-windedness, and the rest, be the failings of the governing men of Spain, let foreigners trading to Spain be asked whether they are not found also among the men of trade? Why are the Spanish ports the dearest, and the slowest to work in, of the ports of the Mediterranean? Governmental errors alone will not explain this—not even the late new Custom-House *Ordenanzas*, which have led to constant annoyance and expense, and against which foreign Governments that respect themselves ought to protest—and act if necessary. The merchant sets about his business very like the official, postponing everything he can till the inevitable *mañana*, sure that the captain will rather lose his over-time than attempt to seek justice from the Spanish law. He, too, like the official, is frequently out of the way when he is wanted, and is in the habit of encumbering business by intolerable verbiage. On the delicate point of "integrity," he would find it difficult to make out a better case for himself than the public servants to whom he attributes the calamities of his country. That custom-house and quarantine people may be bought, is, in Spain, an admitted truth; and one which makes us feel rather alarmed than otherwise, by the announcement of the new Finance Minister that public salaries generally are to be reduced. But is there no "picking and stealing" on the part of the mercantile houses which import goods into the cities of the Mediterranean? We should like to hear the British skipper on that point—provided only that he used no more expletives than he thought absolutely necessary. Why, the pilfering of our British

coals, at such places, goes on systematically, and is a matter of general notoriety. It is done partly by the use of false weights, and partly by skilful peculation during the process of weighing or in lighters. Of course, the vessel turns out "short"—as a gentleman is apt to turn out "short" in the matter of handkerchiefs after a ramble through particular districts of London. The vessel loses a certain percentage of freight and cargo, and the coal stolen goes to enrich the Spaniard who steals. No wonder that the agents of certain Barcelona houses have—with the cognizance of those houses—grown gradually rich. But how are such houses more respectable than the minister who jobs a concession; the judge who sells a decision; the colonel who empties the regimental chest; or the governor of an island who allows slaves to be landed, contrary to law, at so much for every woolly head? We fail to see.

There is another point worth notice in the questions between the mercantile classes and Madrid. The former resist every attempt of a minister of finance to facilitate freedom of trade or to give fair play to foreign flags. They are, in fact, more narrow-minded, in every way, than the inferior shopkeepers of other nations. All their notions of business are narrow and timid; they shrink from enterprise, and dread risk; they hoard, they haggle; they play little tricks to get an advantage. When a prosperous Spanish city wants anything, it never occurs to it to act as Glasgow acted when she wanted a new University. They call for the help of the central power, which is in arrears with its servants of all kinds, from archbishops to village schoolmasters; which allowed the Cortes to break up this summer without having passed any budget at all; which borrows money at high interest, and then more money to pay the interest, and then more money to pay the interest of the interest, and so on *ad infinitum*. "Business," in all its forms, is the weak point of the whole system of life in Spain. The tobacco-monopoly of Government is so managed that the *estancos*, or official shops, often run short of tobacco, and you see their doors mobbed. The paving of large cities, and the support of charitable institutions, can only be carried on by raffles or lotteries. The Government lottery, drawn every fortnight, is one of the surest resources of the administration, which receives from it twenty-five per cent. Nearly every municipal government, meanwhile, is insolvent, mainly owing to the *octroi*, or tax upon *consumos*, having been sacrificed to revolutionary clamour in 1868. Yet, with all this poverty, public and private, and with a mendicancy more general, shameless, and hideous in its exposure of physical horrors than now exists in any other country, the Spaniards, as foreigners often remark, seem always to have money for their amusements. To be sure, their amusements are not dear, and they can pass hours in a splendid café by an expenditure of twopence-halfpenny,* or get a stall at a good Italian opera for less than a fourth of what it would cost in London. But still the fact is worth noting. It may be partially

* Madrid, of course, is distinctly dearer from every point of view, than any other city in Spain. Madrid, in fact, lives upon Spain,—better than Spain.

explained by the frugality of the general life of the country, which, if one lives as the natives live, is a cheap country enough. The Spaniard is thrifty from habit, and only showy at intervals, from ostentation. He will live on a floor, some stories up, eating the mild *puchero*, and drinking the *vin ordinaire* of his province; and, suddenly, bury his wife with eight horses to the hearse, crowned with feathers and glittering with tinsel, accompanied by little boy-pages in sable top-boots. Grave in outward bearing, he is a child in his love of a show, or of a gossip; bragging always of Spain, he grudges a peseta for any public object, and privately assures his foreign friends that the condition of the country is deplorable. If he works, it is less from ambition than from a desire to secure the means of pottering through life in a narrow circle, with occasional outbursts of calculated display. The national temperament, indolent, but needing periodical excitement;—having one side of torpid acquiescence and easiness, and another side of feverish vanity and ambition—would probably explain, could one know it well enough, much that seems so difficult to understand in the national politics. Spanish life rolls between stimulants and sedatives;—gambling and tobacco;—revolutions which are to amend everything, and despotic reactions welcomed as bringing peace.

Spanish amusements and manners, however, might well demand a special essay to themselves, and we have been employed this time upon the graver aspects of Spain's social condition. In sports, and in the lighter social ways of life, Spain of course is changing, but slowly. The bull-fight is said to be on the wane, but we see no strong evidence of that. The new King and Queen thought it politic to attend one this summer; and even those ladies who prefer keeping away, virtually countenance the performance by making up ornaments of ribbons, or coloured paper, to deck the weapons which the *banderilleros* dart into the hide of the tortured beast. Indeed there have been this summer, exhibitions of bull-fights by boys trained to the art, which have been celebrated as a pleasing novelty in many cities. The bull-fight has a long career before it, and many thousand broken-down cab-horses have yet to be ripped up in public, for the amusement of the Spanish nation. On the other hand, the characteristic national drama is never (or scarcely ever) played; the old dances, and old costumes, are wearing away; and with them, something of that stately and ceremonious politeness of manners, which our Raleighs, Sidneys, Devereuxes admired even in enemies; and which pleased the most critically fastidious of all aristocrats,—the Duc de St. Simon. On one point the Spaniard is a sound Conservative. He steadily sets his face against that weak custom of hospitality, that idle entertainment of guests at his house, which the bad example of some Northern countries is diffusing among others of the Latin races. He is faithful to the curious old proverb of his ancestors which says, that the pleasantest day of a visit is the day on which the visitor goes away!

Literature and Dogma.

PART II.

WHEN people ask for our attention because of what has passed, they say, "in the Council of the Trinity," and been promulgated, for our direction, by "a personal First Cause," the "moral and intelligent Governor of the universe," it is certainly open to any man to refuse to hear them, on the plea that the very thing they start with they have no means of proving. And we see that many do so refuse their attention, and that the breach there is, for instance, between popular religion and what is called *science* comes from this cause. But it is altogether different when people ask for our attention on the strength of this other first principle: "To righteousness belongs happiness;" or this: "There is an enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." The more we meditate on this starting-ground of theirs, the more we shall find that there is solidity in it, and the more we shall be inclined to go along with them, and to see what they can make of it. And here is the advantage of giving this plain, though restricted, sense to the Bible phrases: "He that keepeth the law, happy is he;" and, "Whoso trusteth in the Eternal, happy is he." By tradition, emotion, imagination, the Hebrews, no doubt, attached more than this plain sense to these phrases; but this plain, solid, and experimental sense they attached to them at bottom, they attached originally, and in attaching it they were on sure ground of fact, where we can all go with them. Their words, we find, taken in this sense have quite a new force for us, and an indisputable one; it is worth while accustoming ourselves to use them thus, in order to bring out this force and to see how real it is, limited though it be, and unpretending as it may appear. The very substitution of the word *Eternal* for the word *Lord* is something gained in this direction; the word *Eternal* has less of particularity and palpability for the imagination, but what it does affirm is real and verifiable. Let us fix in our minds, with this limited but real sense to the words we employ, the connection of ideas which was ever present to the spirit of the Hebrew people. *In the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof is no death; as righteousness tendeth to life, so he that pursueth evil, pursueth it to his own death;—that is the foundation.* Yet there are continual momentary suggestions which make for gratifying an apparent self, for unrighteousness; nevertheless, what makes for our real self, for righteousness, is lasting, and holds good in the end. Therefore: *Trust in the Eternal with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding; there is no*

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WHEN people ask for our attention because of what has passed, they say, "in the Council of the Trinity," and been promulgated, for our direction, by "a personal First Cause," the "moral and intelligent Governor of the universe," it is certainly open to any man to refuse to hear them, on the plea that the very thing they start with they have no means of proving. And we see that many do so refuse their attention, and that the breach there is, for instance, between popular religion and what is called *science* comes from this cause. But it is altogether different when people ask for our attention on the strength of this other first principle: "To righteousness belongs happiness;" or this: "There is an enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." The more we meditate on this starting-ground of theirs, the more we shall find that there is solidity in it, and the more we shall be inclined to go along with them, and to see what they can make of it. And here is the advantage of giving this plain, though restricted, sense to the Bible phrases: "He that keepeth the law, happy is he;" and, "Whoso trusteth in the Eternal, happy is he." By tradition, emotion, imagination, the Hebrews, no doubt, attached more than this plain sense to these phrases; but this plain, solid, and experimental sense they attached to them at bottom, they attached originally, and in attaching it they were on sure ground of fact, where we can all go with them. Their words, we find, taken in this sense have quite a new force for us, and an indisputable one; it is worth while accustoming ourselves to use them thus, in order to bring out this force and to see how real it is, limited though it be, and unpretending as it may appear. The very substitution of the word *Eternal* for the word *Lord* is something gained in this direction; the word *Eternal* has less of particularity and palpability for the imagination, but what it does affirm is real and verifiable. Let us fix in our minds, with this limited but real sense to the words we employ, the connection of ideas which was ever present to the spirit of the Hebrew people. *In the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof is no death; as righteousness tendeth to life, so he that pursueth evil, pursueth it to his own death;*—that is the foundation. Yet there are continual momentary suggestions which make for gratifying an apparent self, for unrighteousness; nevertheless, what makes for our real self, for righteousness, is lasting, and holds good in the end. Therefore: *Trust in the Eternal with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding; there is no*

wisdom, nor understanding, nor counsel against the Eternal; there is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death: there are many devices in a man's heart; nevertheless the counsel of the Eternal, that shall stand. To follow this counsel of the Eternal is the only true wisdom and understanding: *The fear of the Eternal, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil, that is understanding. It is also happiness: Blessed is every one that feareth the Eternal, that walketh in his ways; happy shall he be, and it shall be well with him. O taste and see how gracious the Eternal is! blessed is the man that trusteth in him. His leaf shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper.* And the more a man walks in this way of righteousness, the more he feels himself borne by a power not his own: *Not by might and not by power, but by my spirit, saith the Eternal. The Eternal ordereth a good man's going, and maketh his way acceptable to himself.* But he feels, too, how far he comes from fulfilling or even from fully perceiving this true law of his being, these indications of the Eternal, the way of righteousness. He says, and must say: *I am a stranger upon earth, O, hide not thy commandments from me! Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Eternal, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.* Nevertheless, as a man holds on to practice as well as he can, and avoids, at any rate, "presumptuous sins," courses he can clearly see to be wrong, films fall away from his eyes, the indications of the Eternal come out more and more fully, we are cleansed from faults which were hitherto secret to us: *The righteous God trieth the very hearts and reins; O cleanse thou me from my secret faults! thou hast proved my heart, thou hast visited me in the night, thou hast tried me and shalt find nothing.* And the more we thus get to keep innocency, the more we wonderfully find joy and peace: *O how plentiful is thy goodness which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence; thou wilt show me the path of life, in thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.* More and more this dwelling on the joy and peace from righteousness, and on the power which makes for righteousness, becomes a man's consolation and refuge: *Thou art my hiding-place, thou shalt preserve me from trouble; if my delight had not been in thy law, I should have perished in my trouble; when I am in heaviness, I will think upon God; the name of the Eternal is as a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it and is safe.* And the more we experience this shelter, the more we come to feel that it is protecting even to tenderness: *Like as a father pitieth his own children, even so is the Eternal merciful unto them that fear him.* Nay, but every other support, we at last find, every other attachment may fail us, this alone fails not: *Can a woman forget her sucking child that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.* All this rests originally upon the simple but solid experience, "Conduct brings happiness," or, "Righteousness tendeth to life;" and by making it again rest there, we bring out in a new, but most real and sure way, its truth and its power.

For it has not always continued to rest there, and in popular religion now, as we manifestly see, it rests there no longer. It is worth while to follow the way in which this change gradually happened, and it ceased to rest there. Israel's original perception was true : *Righteousness tendeth to life* ; the founders of righteousness have a *covenant with the Eternal*, that their work shall be blessed and blessing, and shall endure for ever. But what apparent contradictions was this true original perception destined to meet with ; what vast delays, at any rate, were to be interposed before its truth could become manifest ! And how instructively the successive documents of the Bible, which popular religion treats as if it were all of one piece, one time, and one mind, bring out the effect on Israel of these delays and contradictions ! What a distance between the eighteenth Psalm and the eighty-ninth, between the Book of Proverbs and the Book of Ecclesiastes ! A thousand years before Christ, the golden age of Israel, is the date to which the eighteenth Psalm and the chief part of the Book of Proverbs belong ; it is the time in which the sense of the necessary connection between righteousness and happiness appears with its full simplicity and force. "The righteous shall be recompensed in the earth, much more the wicked and the sinner," is the constant burden of the Book of Proverbs ; and David in the eighteenth Psalm expresses his conviction of the intimate dependence of happiness upon conduct in terms which, though they are not without a certain crudity, are yet far more edifying in their truth and naturalness than those morbid sentimentalities of Protestantism about man's natural vileness and Christ's imputed righteousness, to which they are diametrically opposed. "I have kept the ways of the Eternal," he says ; "I was also upright before him, and I kept myself from mine iniquity ; therefore hath the Eternal rewarded me according to my righteousness, according to the cleanness of my hands hath he recompensed me ; great prosperity sheweth he unto his king, and sheweth loving kindness unto David his anointed, and unto his seed for evermore." That may be called the classic passage for the covenant Israel always thinks and speaks of as made by God with his servant David, Israel's second founder, in renewal of the covenant made with the first founder, God's servant Abraham, that *righteousness should inherit a blessing*, and that *in his seed all nations of the earth should be blessed*. But what a change in the eighty-ninth Psalm, a few hundred years later ! "Eternal, where are thy former loving-kindnesses which thou swarest unto David ? thou hast abhorred and forsaken thine anointed, thou hast made void the covenant ; O remember how short my time is !" "*The righteous shall be recompensed in the earth*," the speaker means ; "my death is near, and death ends all ; where, Eternal, is thy promise ?"

Most remarkable, indeed, is the inward travail to which, in the six hundred years that followed the age of David and Solomon, the many and rude shocks befalling Israel's fundamental idea, *Righteousness tendeth to life*, and he that *pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death*, gave occasion. "Wherefore do the wicked live," asks Job, "become old, yea, are mighty in

power? Their houses are safe from fear, neither is the rod of God upon them?" Job himself is righteous, and yet, "On my eyelids is the shadow of death, not for any injustice in mine hands." All through the Book of Job, the question, how this can be, is over and over again asked and never answered; inadequate solutions are offered and repelled, but an adequate solution is never reached. The only solution reached is that of silence before the insoluble: "I will lay mine hand upon my mouth." The two perceptions are left confronting one another like Kantian antinomies; "The earth is given into the hand of the wicked," and yet: "The counsel of the wicked is far from me, God rewardeth him, and he shall know it." This last, the original perception, remains indestructible. The Book of Ecclesiastes has been called sceptical, epicurean; it is certainly without the glow and hope which animate the Bible in general. It belongs, probably, to the latter half of the fifth century before Christ, to the time of Nehemiah and Malachi, with difficulties pressing the newly restored Jewish community on all sides, with a Persian satrap lording it in Jerusalem, with resources light and taxes heavy, with the cancer of poverty eating into the mass of the people, with the rich estranged from the poor and from the national traditions, with the priesthood slack, insincere, and worthless. Composed under such circumstances, the book has been said, and with justice, to breathe *resignation at the grave of Israel*; its author sees "the tears of the oppressed, and they had no comforter, and on the side of their oppressors there was power; wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive." He sees "all things come alike to all, there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked." Attempts at a philosophic indifference appear, at a sceptical suspension of judgment, at an easy *ne quid nimis*; "Be not righteous overmuch, neither make thyself overwise; why shouldst thou destroy thyself?" Vain attempts, even at a moment which favoured them! shows of scepticism, vanishing as soon as uttered before the intractable conscientiousness of Israel! "Though a sinner do evil a hundred times and his days be prolonged, yet surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God; but it shall not be well with the wicked, because he feareth not before God." The Preacher's contemporary, Malachi, felt the pressure of the same circumstances, had the same occasions of despondency. People all round him were saying: "Every one that doeth evil is good in the sight of the Eternal and he delighteth in them; where is the God of judgment? it is vain to serve God, and what profit is it that we have kept his ordinance?" What a change from the clear certitude of the golden age: "As the whirlwind passeth, so is the wicked no more; but the righteous is an everlasting foundation!" But yet with all the certitude of this happier past, Malachi answers on behalf of the Eternal: "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings."

At the same time, though this experience that the righteous were often afflicted and the wicked often prosperous could not but perplex pious Hebrews; though their conscience felt, and could not but feel, that com-

pared with the other nations with whom they came in contact they themselves and their fathers had a concern for righteousness and an unremitting sense of its necessity which put them in covenant with the Eternal who makes for righteousness, and which rendered the triumph of other nations over them a triumph of people who cared little for righteousness over people who cared for it much, and a cause of perplexity, therefore, to their trust in the Eternal,—though their conscience told them this, yet of their own shortcomings and perversities it told them louder still, and that their sins had in truth been enough to break their covenant with the Eternal a thousand times over, and to bring justly upon them all the miseries they suffered. To enable them to meet the terrible day when the Eternal would avenge him of his enemies and make up his jewels, they themselves needed, they knew, the voice of a second Elijah, a change of the inner man, repentance.

Then, with the testimony on its lips to the truth of Israel's ruling idea, *Righteousness tendeth to life*! died prophecy. For four hundred years the mind of Israel revolved those wonderful utterances which, on the ear of even those who only half understand them, and who do not at all believe them, strike with such incomparable power,—the promises of prophecy. For four hundred years, through defeat and humiliation, the Hebrew race pondered these magnificent assurances that "the Eternal's arm is not shortened," that "righteousness shall be for ever," and that the future would prove this, even if the present did not. "The Eternal fainteth not, neither is weary; he giveth power to the faint; they that wait on the Eternal shall renew their strength; the redeemed of the Eternal shall return and come with singing to Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their head; they shall repair the old wastes, the desolations of many generations; and I, the Eternal, will make an everlasting covenant with them, the Eternal shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended; the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising, and my righteousness shall be for ever, and my salvation shall not be abolished." The prophets themselves, speaking when the ruin of their country was impending, or soon after it had happened, had in view the actual restoration of Jerusalem, the submission of the nations around, and the empire of David and Solomon renewed. But as time went on, and Israel's return from captivity and resettlement of Jerusalem by no means answered his glowing anticipations from them, these anticipations had more and more a construction put upon them which set at defiance the unworthiness and infelicities of the actual present, which filled up what prophecy left in outline, and which embraced the world. The Hebrew Amos, of the eighth century before Christ, promises to his hearers a recovery from their ruin in which they shall possess the remnant of Edom; the Greek or Aramaic Amos of the Christian era, whose words St. James produces in the conference at Jerusalem, promises a recovery for Israel, in which the residue of men shall seek the Eternal. This is but a specimen of what

was going forward on a large scale. The Saviour whom Isaiah foretold to Zion has, a few hundred years later, for the writer whom we call Daniel and for his contemporaries, become the miraculous agent of Israel's restoration,—the heaven-sent executor of the Eternal's judgment, and the bringer-in of the kingdom of righteousness,—the Messiah. "One like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages should serve him; and the kingdom and dominion shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High." An impartial criticism will hardly find in the Old Testament writers before the times of the Maccabees (and certainly not in the passages usually quoted to prove it) the doctrine of the immortality of the soul or of the resurrection of the dead. But by the time of the Maccabees, when this passage of the Book of Daniel was written, in the second century before Christ, the Jews have undoubtedly become familiar, not indeed with the idea of the immortality of the soul as philosophers like Plato conceived it, but with the notion of a resurrection of the dead to take their trial for acceptance or rejection in the Messiah's judgment and kingdom. To this has swelled Israel's original and instinctive thesis:—*As the whirlwind passeth, so is the wicked no more: but the righteous is an everlasting foundation.* The phantasmagories of more prodigal and wild imaginations have mingled with the work of his austere spirit; Babylon, Persia, Egypt, even Greece, have left their trace there; but the unchangeable substructure remains, and on that substructure is everything built which comes after.

In one sense, the lofty Messianic ideas of "the day of the Eternal's coming," "the consolation of Israel," "the restitution of all things," are even more important than the solid but humbler idea, *Righteousness tendeth to life* upon which they arose; in another sense they are much less important. They are more important, because they are the development of this idea and prove its strength; it might have been crushed and baffled by the falsification events seemed to delight in giving it; that instead of being crushed and baffled it took this magnificent flight, shows its innate power. They also in a wonderful manner attract emotion to the ideas of conduct and morality, and combine it with them. On the other hand, the idea that *righteousness tendeth to life* has a firm experimental ground which the Messianic ideas have not; and the day comes when the possession of such a ground is invaluable. That the spirit of man should entertain hopes and anticipations beyond what it actually knows and can verify, is natural. Human life could not have the scope and depth and progress it has, were this otherwise. It is natural, too, to make these hopes and anticipations give in their turn support to the simple and humble experience which was their original ground. Israel, therefore, who originally followed righteousness because he felt that it tended to life, might naturally come at last to follow it because it would enable him to stand before the Ancient of Days at

his coming, and to share in the triumph of his saints. But this later belief has not the same character as the belief which it is thus set to confirm. It is a kind of fairy-tale which a man tells himself, which no one, we grant, can prove impossible to turn out true, but which no one, also, can prove certain to turn out true. It is exactly what is expressed by the German word "*Aberglaube*," *extra-belief*, belief beyond what is certain and verifiable. Our word "superstition" had by its derivation this same meaning, but it has come to be used in a merely bad sense, and to mean a childish and craven religiosity. With the German word it is not so; therefore Goethe can say with propriety and truth, "*Aberglaube* is the poetry of life—*der Aberglaube ist die Poesie des Lebens*." It is so; *extra-belief*, that which we hope, augur, imagine, is the poetry of life, and has the rights of poetry. But it is not science; and yet it tends always to imagine itself science, to substitute itself for science, to make itself the ground of the very science out of which it has grown. The Messianic ideas, which were the poetry of life to Israel in the age when Christ came, did this; and it is worth while to mark that they did it, because similar ideas have so signally done the same thing in popular Christianity.

Jesus Christ was undoubtedly the very last sort of Messiah whom the Jews expected. Christian theologians say confidently that the characters of humility, obscurity, and depression were generally attributed to the Jewish Messiah; and even Bishop Butler, in general the most severely exact of writers, gives countenance to this error. What is true is that we find these characters attributed to *some one* by the prophets; that we attribute them to Christ, that Christ is for us the Messiah, and that Christ they suit. But for the prophets themselves, and for the Jews who heard and read them, these characters of lowliness and depression belonged to God's chastened servant, whether the prophet himself or the idealized Israel; when Israel was purged and renewed by these, the Messiah was to appear, but with glory and power for his attributes, not humility and weakness. It is impossible to resist acknowledging this, if we read the Bible to find from it what those who wrote it really intended to think and say, and not to put in it what we wish them to have thought and said. To find in Christ the genuine Jewish Messiah, the Messiah of Daniel, one like the Son of Man coming with the clouds of heaven and having universal dominion given him, must, to a Jew, have been extremely difficult. Nevertheless there is undoubtedly Christianity in the Old Testament; in developing this germ lay the future of righteousness itself, of Israel's primary and immortal concern; and the incomparable greatness of the religion founded by Christ comes from his having developed it. He is not the Messiah to whom the hopes of his nation pointed; and yet Christendom with perfect justice has made him the Messiah, because he alone took, when his nation was on another and a false tack, a way obscurely indicated in the Old Testament, and the one possible and successful way, for the accomplishment of the Messiah's function: *to bring in everlasting righteousness*.

Religion in the Old Testament is a matter of national and social conduct mainly; first, of devotion to Israel's God, the Eternal, who loveth righteousness, of separation from other nations whose concern for righteousness was less fervent, of abhorrence of their idolatries which were sure to bewilder and diminish this fervent concern for righteousness; secondly, of doing justice, hating all wrong, robbery and oppression, abstaining from insolence, lying and slandering. The Jews' polity, their theocracy, was of such immense importance, because religion, when conceived as having its existence in these national and social duties mainly, requires a polity to put itself forth in; and the Jews' polity was adapted to such a religion. But this religion was not entirely worthy of the intuition out of which it had grown. We have seen how, in its intuition of God,—of the *not ourselves* of which all mankind form some conception or other,—as the *Eternal who makes for righteousness*, the Hebrew race found the revelation needed to breathe emotion into the rules of morality, and to make morality religion. This revelation is the capital fact of the Old Testament, and the source of its grandeur and power. But it is evident that this revelation lost, as time went on, its nearness and clearness; for the mass of the Hebrews their God came to be a mere magnified and non-natural man, like the God of our popular religion now, who has commanded certain courses of conduct and attached certain sanctions to them.

Prophets and righteous men, among the Hebrews, preserved always the immediate and truer apprehension of their God as the *Eternal who makes for righteousness*, and tried, but in vain, to communicate this apprehension to the mass of their countrymen. They had, indeed, a special difficulty to contend with in communicating it. For those courses of conduct, which Israel's inspiring revelation of the Eternal had originally touched with emotion and made religion, lay chiefly in the line of national and social duties; by reason of the stage of their own growth and the world's at which this revelation found the Hebrews, the thing could not well be otherwise. And national and social duties are peculiarly capable of a mechanical, exterior performance in which the heart has no share; one may observe rites and ceremonies, hate idolatry, abstain from murder, theft, and false witness, and yet have one's thoughts callous, and disordered; then even these very duties themselves come to be ill-discharged or set at nought, because the emotion which was the only certain security for their good discharge is wanting. The very power of religion, as we have seen, lies in its bringing emotion to bear on our rules of conduct, and thus making us care for them so much, consider them so deeply and reverentially, that we surmount the great practical difficulty of acting in obedience to them, and follow them heartily and easily. Therefore the Israelites were perpetually idolatrous, slack or niggardly in the service of Jehovah, violators of judgment and justice. The prophets perpetually reminded them of the superiority of judgment and justice to any exterior ceremony like sacrifice. But judgment and justice themselves have something exterior in them; now, what was wanted was

more *inwardness*, more *feeling*. This was given by adding *mercy* and *humbleness* to judgment and justice ; mercy and humbleness are something inward, they are affections of the mind. Even in the Proverbs these appear : "The *merciful* man doeth good to his own soul ;" "He that hath *mercy* on the poor, happy is he ;" "Honour shall uphold the *humble* in spirit ;" "When pride cometh, shame cometh, but with the *lowly* is wisdom." So that Micah asked his nation : "What doth the Eternal require of thee but to do *justly*, and to love *mercy*, and to walk *humbly* with thy God ?"—adding mercy and humility to the old judgment and justice. But a farther development is given to humbleness when Isaiah adds contrition to it : "I" (the Eternal) "dwell with him that is of a *contrite* and humble spirit ;" or when the Psalmist says, "The sacrifices of God are a *broken spirit* ; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." This is personal religion ; religion consisting in the inward feeling and disposition of the individual himself, rather than in the performance of outward acts towards God or society. It is of the essence of Christianity, it is what the Jews needed, it is the line in which their religion was ripe for development ; and it appears in the Old Testament. Still, in the Old Testament, the leaning is to make religion social rather than personal, an affair of duties rather than of dispositions. Soon after the words we have just quoted from him, Isaiah adds : "If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting forth of the finger and speaking vanity, and if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity and thy darkness be as the noonday, and the Eternal shall guide thee continually and make fat thy bones." This stands, or at least appears to stand, as a full description of righteousness ; and as such it is unsatisfying.

It is clear that righteousness, the central object of Israel's concern, was the central object of Christ's concern also. Israel had said : "To him that ordereth his conversation right shall be shown the salvation of God." And Christ said : "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees,"—that is, of the very people who then passed for caring most about righteousness and practising it most rigidly,—"*ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.*" But righteousness had by Christ's time lost, in great measure, the mighty impulse which emotion gives, and in losing this had lost also the mighty sanction which happiness gives. "The whole head was sick and the whole heart faint ;" the glad and immediate sense of being in the right way, in the way of peace, was gone ; the sense of being wrong and astray, of sin, and of helplessness under sin, was oppressive. The thing was, to reapply emotion to righteousness, and by reapplying it, to disperse the feeling of being amiss and helpless, to give the sense of being right and effective ; to restore, in short, to righteousness the sanction of happiness. This could only be done by attending to that inward world of feelings and dispositions which Judaism had too much neglected. The first need, therefore, for Israel at that time was to make religion cease to be mainly a national

and social matter, and become mainly a personal matter. "Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first the *inside* of the cup, that the outside may be clean also," was the very ground-principle in Christ's teaching;—Instead of attending so much to your outward acts, attend first of all to your inward thoughts, to the state of your heart and feelings. This doctrine has perhaps been over-strained and misapplied by certain people since; but it was the lesson which at that time was urgently needed. It is a great progress beyond even that advanced maxim of pious Jews: "To do justice and judgment is more acceptable than sacrifice." For to do justice and judgment is still, as we have remarked, something external, and may leave the feelings untouched, uncleared, and dead; what was wanted was to plough up, clear, and quicken the feelings themselves, so that the acts which proceeded from them might again be accompanied by the nearly lost sense of going right, hitting the mark, succeeding,—in a word, of *happiness*. And this is what the gentleness and sweet reasonableness of Christ, his pre-eminent characteristics, did.

"My son, *give me thy heart*," says the preacher of righteousness in the golden age of Israel; and when Israel had the *Eternal* revealed to him and founded our religion, he gave his heart. But the time came when his direct vision ceased, and his religion was a mere affair of tradition, and of doctrines and rules received from without. Then it might be truly said of this professed servant of the Eternal, "This people honour me with their lips, but have removed *their heart* far from me, and their fear toward me is taught by the precept of men." With little or no power of distinguishing between what was rule of ceremonial and what was rule of conduct, they followed the prescriptions of their religion with a servile and sullen mind, "precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little," and no end to it all. What a change since the days when it was *joy to the just to do judgment*! The prophets saw clearly enough the evil, nay, they even could point to the springs which must be touched in order to work a cure; but they could not press these springs steadily enough or skilfully enough to work the cure themselves. Christ's new and different way of putting things was the secret of his succeeding where the prophets could not; and this new way he had of putting things is what is indicated by the expression *epieikeia*, best rendered by these two words, "sweet reasonableness." For that which is *epieikes* is that which has an air of truth and likelihood; and that which has an air of truth and likelihood is prepossessing. Never were utterances concerning conduct and righteousness,—Israel's master-concern, and the master-topic of the New Testament as well as of the Old,—which so carried with them an air of consummate truth and likelihood as Christ's did; and never, therefore, were any utterances so irresistibly prepossessing. He put things in such a way that his hearer was led to take each rule or fact of conduct by its inward side, its effect on the heart and character; then the reason of the thing, the meaning of what had been mere matter of blind rule, flashed upon him; he could distinguish between what was only ceremony and what

was conduct; and the hardest rule of conduct came to appear to him infinitely reasonable and natural, and, therefore, infinitely prepossessing. *To find his own soul*, his true and permanent self, became set up in man's view as his chief concern, as the secret of happiness; and so it really is. "How is a man advantaged if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of himself?" was the question which made it possible to reattach to conduct happiness. A return upon themselves, and a consequent intuition of the reason of the thing in question, gave men for right action the clearness, spirit, energy, happiness they had lost. Their fear towards the Eternal was no longer taught by the precept of men, but was an inward illumination. "Not what comes from outside defiles a man, but what comes from within his own heart; *evil thoughts* are what defile a man; the external breach of the law is not the matter to look to, but the inward intention which first points towards the breach; the judgment is not upon the murderer, the adulterer, it comes long before, it is upon him who *hates*, upon him who *lusts*." This treatment of moral questions by a return upon a man's self, and by the flash of conviction thence arising, comes to its height in that incident,—not genuine in the particular place where it occurs, but in itself so indubitably and impressively genuine,—the incident of the woman taken in adultery:—*Let him that is without fault cast the first stone!* This power of returning upon themselves, and seeing by a flash the reason of things, his disciples learnt of Christ; they learnt, too, from observing him and his example, much which without, perhaps, any conscious process of being apprehended in its reason, was discerned instinctively to be true and life-giving as soon as it was once seen in him. Two lessons, in particular they learnt chiefly in this way, and added them to the great lesson of self-examination and an appeal to the inner man, with which they started. "Learn of me that I am mild and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls," was one of the two; "Whoever will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me," was the other. Christ made his followers look within and examine themselves; he made them feel that they had a best and real self as opposed to their ordinary and apparent one, and that their happiness depended on saving this best self from being overborne; and, finally, by the exhibition in himself, with the most prepossessing pureness, clearness, and beauty, of the two qualities by which our ordinary self is indeed most essentially counteracted, mildness and self-denial, he made his followers feel that in these qualities lay the secret of their best self; that to attain them was in the highest degree requisite and natural, and that a man's whole happiness depended upon it.

Self-examination, mildness, and self-denial, were, therefore, the great means by which Christ renewed righteousness and religion. All these means are indicated in the Old Testament: *God requireth truth in the inward parts; Before honour is humility; Not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure.* But how far more strongly are they forced upon the attention in the New Testament, and set up clearly as the central mark for our

endeavours. *Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first the inside of the cup that the outside may be clean also; Learn of me that I am mild and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls; Whoever will come after me, let him renounce himself and take up his cross daily and follow me.* So that, although personal religion is clearly present in the Old Testament, nevertheless these injunctions of the New Testament effect so much more for the extrication and establishment of personal religion than the general exhortations in the Old to *offer the sacrifice of righteousness, to do judgment, that, comparatively with the Old, the New Testament may be said to have founded inward and personal religion.* While the Old Testament says: *Attend to conduct!* the New Testament says: *Attend to the feelings and dispositions whence conduct proceeds!* And as attending to conduct had very much degenerated into deadness and formality, attending to the *springs* of conduct was a revelation, a revival of intuitive and fresh perceptions, a touching of morals with emotion, a discovering of religion, similar to that which had been effected when Israel, struck with the abiding power, not of man's causing, which makes for righteousness, and filled with joy and awe by it, had in the old days named God *the Eternal.* Man came under a new dispensation, and made with God a second covenant.

To rivet the attention on the indications of personal religion furnished by the Old Testament, to take the humble, inward, and suffering "*servant of God*" of the prophets, and to elevate *this* as the Messiah, the seed of Abraham and David in whom all nations should be blessed, whose throne should be as the days of heaven, who should redeem his people and restore the kingdom to Israel, was a work of the highest originality. It cannot be said that by the suffering servant of God and the triumphant Redeemer of Israel, the prophets themselves meant the same person; but language of hope and aspiration, such as theirs, is in its nature malleable; criticism may and must determine what the original speakers seem to have directly meant, but the very nature of their language justifies *any* powerful and fruitful application of it, and every such application may be said, in the words of popular religion, to have been lodged there from the first by the spirit of God. Certainly it was a somewhat violent exegetical proceeding, to fuse together into one personage Daniel's Son of Man coming with the clouds of Heaven, Isaiah's Holy One of Israel the Redeemer, his scion of the stock of Jesse, who should smite the earth with the rod of his mouth and reign in glory, peace, and righteousness, and his meek and afflicted servant of God who was charged with the precious message of this golden future,—to fuse together in one these four by no means identical personages, to add to them the sacrificial lamb of the passover and of the temple-service which was constantly before a Jew's eyes, to add, besides, the prophet like to himself whom Moses promised to the children of Israel, and to say that the combination thence resulting was the Messiah or Christ whom all the prophets meant and predicted, and that Jesus was this Messiah. To us who have been

fashioned by a theology whose set purpose is to efface all the difficulties in such a combination, and to make it received easily and unhesitatingly, it may appear natural; in itself, and with the elements of which it is composed viewed singly and impartially, it cannot but be pronounced arbitrary. But the elements in question have their chief use and value, we repeat, not as objects of criticism; they belong of right to whoever can best possess himself of them for practice and edification. Of the Messiah coming in the clouds, of the descendant of Jesse smiting the earth with the rod of his mouth, slaying the wicked with his breath, and re-establishing in unexampled splendour David's kingdom, nothing could be made. With such a Messiah filling men's thoughts and hopes, the real defects of Israel still remained, because these chiefly proceeded from Israel's making his religion too much a national and social affair, too little a personal. But a Messiah who did not strive nor cry, who was oppressed and afflicted without opening his mouth, who worked obscurely and patiently, yet failed not nor was discouraged until his doctrine made its way and transformed the world,—this was the Messiah whom Israel needed, and in whom the lost greatness of Israel could be restored and culminate. For the true greatness of Israel was *righteousness*; and only by an inward personal religion could the sense revive in him of what righteousness really was,—revive in him and bear fruit for the world.

Instead, therefore, of "the root of Jesse who should set up an ensign for the nations and assemble the outcasts of Israel," Christ took from prophecy and made pre-eminent "the servant whom man despiseth and the nation abhorreth," but "who bringeth good tidings, who publisheth peace, publisheth salvation;" and instead of saying like the prophets: "This *people* must mend, this *nation* must do so and so, *Israel* must follow such and such ways," Christ took the individual Israelite by himself apart, made him listen for the voice of his conscience, and said to him in effect: "If every *one* would mend *one* we should have a new world." So vital for the Jews was this change of character in their religion, that the Old Testament abounds, as we have said, in pointings and approximations to it; and most truly might Christ say to his followers, that many prophets and kings had desired, though unavailingly, to see the things which his disciples saw and heard.

The desire felt by pious Israelites for some new aspect of religion such as Christ presented, is the best proof of its timeliness and salutariness. Perhaps New Testament witnesses to the workings of this desire may be received with suspicion as having arisen after the event, and when the new ideal of Christ had become established; otherwise John the Baptist's characterization of the Messiah as "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," and the bold Messianic turn given in the twelfth chapter of St. Matthew to the prophecy there quoted from the forty-second chapter of Isaiah, would be evidence of the highest importance. "A bruised reed breaketh he not," says Isaiah of the meek servant and messenger of God, "and smoking flax quencheth he not; he declareth

judgment with truth; far lands wait for his doctrine." "A bruised reed shall he not break," runs the passage in St. Matthew, "and smoking flax shall he not quench, *until he send forth judgment unto victory*: in his name shall the Gentiles trust." The words, *until he send forth judgment unto victory*, words giving a clear Messianic stamp to the personage described, are neither in the original Hebrew nor in the Greek of the Septuagint; where did the Gospel-writer find them? If, as is possible, they were in some version of Isaiah then extant, they prove in the most striking way the existence and strength of the aspiration which Christ satisfied by transforming the old popular ideal of the Messiah. But there is in any case proof of the existence of such an aspiration, since a Jewish commentator, contemporary with the Christian era, but not himself a Christian, assigns to the prophecy a Messianic intention; and, indeed, the rendering of the final words, *in his name shall the Gentiles trust*, which is in the Greek of the Septuagint as well as in that of St. Matthew, shows a similar leaning in the Jews of Alexandria two centuries before Christ.

Signs there are, then, without doubt, of others trying to identify the Messiah of popular hope, the triumphant Son of David, the mystic Son of Man, with an ideal of meekness, inwardness, patience, and self-denial; and well might reformers try to effect this identification, for the true line of Israel's progress lay through it. But not he who tries makes an epoch, but he who effects; and the identification which was needed Christ effected. Henceforth the true Israelite was, undoubtedly, he who allied himself with this identification; who perceived its incomparable fruitfulness, its continuance of the real tradition of Israel, its correspondence with the ruling idea of the Hebrew spirit: *Through righteousness to happiness!* in Bible words: *To him that ordereth his conversation right shall be shown the salvation of God.* That the Jewish nation at large, and its rulers, refused to accept the identification, shows only that want of power to penetrate to the essence of things through all wraps and appearances, which the majority of mankind always display. The national and social character of their theocracy was everything to the Jews, and they could see no blessings in a revolution which annulled it. It has often been remarked, that the Puritans are like the Jews of the Old Testament; and Mr. Froude thinks he defends the Puritans by saying that they, like the Jews of the Old Testament, had their hearts set on a theocracy, on a fashioning of politics and society to suit the government of God. How strange that he does not perceive that he thus passes, and with justice, the gravest condemnation on the Puritans! At the Christian era the time had passed, in religion, for outward constructions of this kind, and for all care about establishing or abolishing them; the time had come for inwardness and self-reconstruction,—a time to last till the self-reconstruction is fully achieved. It was the error of the Jews that they did not perceive this; and the error of the Jews, the Puritans, without the Jews' excuse, faithfully repeated. The blunder of

both had the same cause,—a want of tact to perceive what is really most wanted for the attainment of their own professed ideal, the reign of righteousness. When Jesus appeared, his disciples were those who did not make this blunder. They were, in general, simple souls, without pretensions which Christ's new religious ideal cut short, or self-consequence which it mortified; and any Israelite who was, on the one hand, not warped by personal pretensions and self-consequence, and on the other, not dull of feeling and gross of life like the common multitude, might be open to the spell which, after all, was the great confirmation of Christ's religion, as it was the great confirmation of the original religion of Israel,—the spell of its *happiness*. "Be glad, O ye righteous, and rejoice in the Eternal," the old and lost prerogative of Israel, became again a living and true word to him.

We have already remarked how it is the great achievement of the Israel of the Old Testament, happiness being mankind's confessed end and aim, to have more than any one else felt, and more than any one else succeeded in making others feel, that to *righteousness* belongs happiness. It will be denied by no one that Christ, in his turn, was eminently characterized by professing to bring, and by being felt to bring, happiness. All the words that belong to his mission—*gospel, kingdom of God, saviour, grace, living water, bread of life*—are brimful of promise and joy. "I am come," he said, "that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly;" "Come to me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls;" "I speak, that my disciples may have my joy fulfilled in themselves." And the men of Samaria said after hearing him talk: "This is truly the saviour of the world;—his disciples, when he asked them if they meant to leave him, answered: "To whom should we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." That the operation, professed and actual, of this "son of peace" was to replace his followers in "the way of peace," no one can question; the only matter of dispute can be *how* he replaced them there.

Let us return for a moment to what we said of conduct,—of conduct which we found to be three-fourths, at least, of human life, and the object with which religion is concerned. We said of conduct that it is the simplest thing in the world as far as knowledge is concerned, but the hardest thing in the world as far as doing is concerned; that if we choose, like the modern philosophers, to run up all our actions into two primitive instincts, the instinct of self-preservation and the reproductive instinct, then we get two immense groups of faults corresponding, one of them, to the sphere of one of these instincts, and the other to that of the other. To the one group belong, to speak generally, faults of temper, to the other, faults of sensuality; both groups are the province of conduct. We added that *going right, succeeding*, in the management of this vast province, gave naturally the liveliest possible sense of satisfaction and happiness; that *attending to it* was naturally the secret of success, that *attachment* makes us attend, and that whatever, therefore, made us love to attend to it must inspire us with *gratitude*. We found the central

point of the religion of the Old Testament in Israel's keen perception of a power not ourselves, which makes for righteousness and disposes us to attend to it, and in his energy of grateful self-surrender to this power. Let us take, to guide ourselves in the New Testament, the help of the clue furnished by all this.

First, as to the extreme simplicity of the matter concerned, a matter sophisticated, overlaid, and hidden in a thousand ways; the artless unschooled perception of a child is, Christ says, the right organ for apprehending it; "whosoever does not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, cannot enter therein." And yet it is so difficult of attainment that it seems we cannot attain it of ourselves; "no man can come to me unless it be given him of the Father." The things to be done are so simple and necessary that the doctrine about them proves itself as soon as we do them; "whoever will do God's will, shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." Only it is indispensable to *do* them; speculating and professing are absolutely useless here without *doing*; "why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and *do* not the things that I say?" The great and learned people, the masters in Israel, have their authoritative version of what righteousness and the will of God is, of what the ideal for the Jewish nation is, of the correct way to interpret the prophets. But "judge not according to the appearance, but judge *righteous* judgment;" beware of insincerity, "God sees the hearts," consult your heart. The new covenant, the *New Testament*, consists in the rule of this very inwardness, in a state of things when God "puts his law in the inward parts and writes it in the heart," in conscience being made the test. You can see, Christ says, the leading religionists of the Jewish nation, with the current notions about righteousness, God's will, and the meaning of prophecy, you can see them saying and not doing, full of fierce temper and sensuality;—this shows they can be but blind guides for you. The saviour of Israel is he who makes Israel use his conscience simply and sincerely, who makes him change and sweeten his temper, conquer and annul his sensuality. The prophets all point to such a saviour, and he is the Messiah, and the promised happiness to Israel is in him and his reign. He is, in the exalted language of prophecy, the holy one of God, the son of God, the anointed of God, the son of man in an eminent and unique sense, the Messiah and Christ; in plainer language, he is "a man who tells you the truth which he has heard of God;" "who came not of himself and speaks not of himself, but who "came forth from God," the original God of Israel's worship, the God of righteousness and of happiness joined to righteousness,—*"and is come to you."* Israel is perpetually talking of God and calling him his Father, and "every one," says Christ, "who hears and learns of the Father comes to *me*, for I know him, and know his will, and utter his word." God's will and word, in the Old Testament, was *righteousness*; in the New Testament, it is righteousness explained to have its essence in *inwardness, mildness, and self-denial*. This is, in substance, the word of Christ which he who hears "shall never see

death ;" of which he who follows it shall know by experience " whether it be of God." But as the Israel of the Old Testament did not say or feel that he followed righteousness by his own power, or out of self-interest and self-love, but said and felt that he followed it in thankful self-surrender to "*the Eternal who loveth righteousness,*" and that "*the Eternal ordereth a good man's going and maketh his way acceptable to himself,*—so, in the restoration effected by Christ, the motive which is of force is not the moral motive that inwardness, mildness, and self-renouncement make for man's happiness, but a far stronger motive, full of ardent affection and gratitude, and which, though it really has its ground and confirmation in the fact that inwardness, mildness, and self-denial do make for man's happiness, yet keeps no consciousness of this as its ground, but finds its ground in personal devotion to Christ, who brought the doctrine to his disciples and made a passage for it into their hearts,—in believing that Christ is come from God, following Christ, loving Christ ; and its sanction, in the happiness which thus believing in him, following him, and loving him gives. Nevertheless, as we have said that, *He that keepeth the law, happy is he, and He that trusteth in the Eternal, happy is he,* mean at bottom the same fact : *To happiness belongs righteousness !* though the one is a moral, the other a religious expression,—so, *He that will lose his life shall save it, and, He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live,* mean also, though the one is a moral expression and the other religious, the same fact ; nay, and that fact is, moreover, still at bottom the Old Testament fact : *To righteousness belongs happiness !* only it is this doctrine further developed and elucidated, and made a new and potent word again.

Christ, then, was the Messiah to restore the *all things* of Israel, righteousness ; to bring light and recovery after long days of darkness and ruin, and to make good the belief written on Israel's heart : *The righteous is an everlasting foundation.* We have seen how in the hopes of the nation and in the promises of prophecy this true and vital belief of Israel was mixed with a quantity of what we have called *Aberglaube* or extra-belief, adding all manner of shape and circumstance to the original thought. The kingdom of David and Solomon was to be restored on a grander scale, the enemies of Israel were to lick the dust, kings were to bring gifts ; there was to be the Son of Man coming in the clouds, judgment given to the saints of the Most High, and an eternal reign of the saints afterwards. Now, most of this has a poetical value, some of it has a moral value. All of it is, in truth, a testimony to the strength of Israel's idea of righteousness ; for the order of its growth is, as we have seen this : "*To righteousness belongs happiness ;—this sure rule is often broken in the state of things which now is ;—there must therefore be in store for us, in the future, a state of things where it will hold good.*" But none of it has a scientific value, a certitude arising from proof and experience ; and indeed it cannot have this, for it professes to be an anticipation of a state of things not yet actually experienced. But human

nature is such that the mind easily dwells on an anticipation of this kind till we forget the order in which it arose, put it first when it is by rights second, and make it support that by which it is in truth supported. And so there came to be many Israelites, most likely they were the great majority of their nation, who supposed that righteousness was to be followed not out of thankful self-surrender to "the Eternal who loveth righteousness," but because the Ancient of Days was coming before long, and judgment was to be given to the saints and they were to possess the kingdom, and from the kingdom those who did not follow righteousness would be excluded. From this way of conceiving religion came naturally the religious condition of the Jews as Christ at his coming found it, and from which, by his new and living way of presenting the Messiah, he sought to extricate the whole nation, and did extricate his disciples. He did extricate these, in that he fixed their thoughts upon himself and upon an ideal of inwardness, mildness, and self-denial, instead of a phantasmagory of outward grandeur and self-assertion; but at the same time the whole train of extra-belief, or *Aberglaube*, which had attached itself to Israel's old creed: *The righteous is an everlasting foundation!* transferred itself to the new: *He that will lose his life for my sake shall find it!*—and with a like result as before. The mild, inward, self-renouncing and sacrificed servant of the Eternal, the new and better Messiah, was yet, before the present generation passed, to come on the clouds of heaven, in power and glory, like the Messiah of Daniel, to gather by trumpet-call his elect from the four winds, and to set his apostles on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel. The motive of Christianity, which was in truth that pure souls "knew the voice" of Jesus as sheep know the voice of their shepherd, and felt after seeing and hearing him that his doctrine and ideal was what they wanted, that he was "indeed the saviour of the world," this simple motive became a mixed motive, adding to its first contents a vast *extra-belief* of a phantasmagorical Advent of Christ, a resurrection and judgment, Christ's adherents glorified, his rejectors punished everlastingly. When the generation for which this Advent was first fixed had passed away without it, Christians discovered, by a process of criticism common enough in popular theology, but by which, as Bishop Butler says of a like kind of process, "anything may be made out of anything,"—they discovered that the Advent had never really been fixed for that first generation, but that it was foretold, and certainly in store, for a later time. With the multitude, this *Aberglaube* or extra-belief inevitably came soon to surpass the original conviction in attractiveness and seeming certitude. The future and the miraculous engaged the chief attention of Christians; and in accordance with this strain of thought they more and more rested the proof of Christianity, not on its internal evidence, but on prediction and miracle.

"*Aberglaube* is the poetry of life." That men should by help of their imagination take short cuts to what they earnestly desire, whether the triumph of Israel or the triumph of Christianity, should tell themselves

fairy-tales about it, should make these fairy-tales the basis for what is far more sure and solid than the fairy-tales, the desire itself, has in it, we repeat, nothing blameable. Nay, the region of our hopes and presentiments extends, as we have already said, far beyond the region of what we can know with certainty; what we reach by hope and presentiment may yet be true, and he would be a narrow reasoner who denied, for instance, all validity to the idea of immortality because this idea rests on presentiment mainly, and does not admit of certain demonstration. In religion, above all, *extra-belief* is in itself no matter, assuredly, for blame. The object of religion is conduct; and if a man helps himself in his conduct by taking an object of hope and presentiment as if it were an object of certainty, he may be said to gain thereby an advantage. And yet there is always a drawback to a man's advantage in thus treating, in religion and conduct, what is extra-belief and not certain as if it was matter of certainty, and in making it his ground of action;—*he pays for it*. The time comes when he discovers that it is not certain, and then the whole certainty of religion seems discredited, and the basis of conduct gone. This danger attends the reliance on prediction and miracle as evidences of Christianity. They have been attacked as a part of the "cheat" or "imposture" of religion and of Christianity; for us, religion is the solidest of realities, and Christianity the greatest and happiest stroke ever yet made for human perfection. Prediction and miracle were attributed to it as its supports, because of its grandeur and because of the awe and admiration which it inspired; generations of men have helped themselves to hold firmer to it, helped themselves in conduct, by the aid of these supports. "Miracles *prove*," men have said and thought, "that the order of physical nature is not Fate nor a mere material constitution of things, but the subject of a free, omnipotent Master. Prophecy fulfilled *proves* that neither Fate nor man are masters of the world." * And to take prophecy first:—"The conditions which form the true conclusive standard of a prophetic inspiration are these: That the prediction be known to have been promulgated before the event; that the event be such as could not have been foreseen, when it was predicted, by any effort of human reason; and that the event and the prediction correspond together in a clear accomplishment. There are prophecies in Scripture answering to the standard of an absolute proof. Their publication, their fulfilment, their supernatural prescience, are all fully ascertained." †

Now, it may be said, indeed, that a prediction fulfilled, an exhibition of supernatural prescience, proves nothing for or against the truth and necessity of conduct and righteousness. But it must be allowed, notwithstanding, that while human nature is what it is, the mass of men are likely to listen more to a teacher of righteousness, if he accompanies his teaching

* DAVISON'S *Discourses on Prophecy*; Discourse ii. Part 2.

† *Discourses on Prophecy*; Discourses ix. and xii.

by an exhibition of supernatural prescience. And what were called the "signal predictions" concerning the Christ of popular theology, as they stand in our Bibles, had and have undoubtedly a look of supernatural prescience. The employment of capital letters, and other aids, such as the constant use of the future tense, naturally and innocently adopted by interpreters who were profoundly convinced that Christianity needed these express predictions and that they *must* be in the Bible, enhanced, certainly, this look; but the look, even without these aids, was sufficiently striking. That Jacob on his death-bed should two thousand years before Christ have "been enabled," as the phrase is, to foretell to his son Judah that "the sceptre shall not depart from Judah until *Shiloh* (or the Messiah) come, and to him shall the gathering of the people be," does seem, when the explanation is put with it that the Jewish kingdom lasted till the Christian era and then perished, a wonder of prediction in favour of our current Christian theology. That Jeremiah should be enabled to foretell, in the name of Jehovah: "The days come when I will raise to David a righteous Branch; in his days Judah shall be saved and Israel shall dwell safely, and this is the name whereby he shall be called, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS,"—does seem a wonder of prediction in favour of that tenet of the Godhead of the Eternal Son, for which the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester are so anxious to do something. For unquestionably Jehovah is often spoken of as the redeemer of Judah and Israel: "All flesh shall know that I the Eternal am thy saviour and thy redeemer, the mighty one of Jacob;" and in the prophecy given above as Jeremiah's the branch of David is clearly identified with Jehovah. Again, that David should say: "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand until I make thy foes thy footstool,"—does seem a prodigy of prediction to the same effect. That he should say: "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry and so ye perish," does seem a supernaturally prescient assertion of the Eternal Sonship. And so long as these prophecies stand as they are here given, they no doubt bring to Christianity all the support (and with the mass of mankind this is by no means inconsiderable) which it can derive from the display of supernatural prescience. But who will dispute that it more and more becomes known that these prophecies cannot stand as we have here given them; that the passage from Genesis, with its mysterious *Shiloh* and the gathering of the people to him, is more truly rendered by the Septuagint: "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah until the things in store for him arrive;" or, to come nearer still to the truth, by this: "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah until tranquillity come and the people obey him?" We here purposely leave out of sight the consideration that our actual books of the Old Testament came together through the piety of Judah, and when the destiny of Judah was already traced; and that to say roundly: "*Jacob was enabled to foretell, The sceptre shall not depart from Judah until the people obey him,*" as if we were speaking of a prophecy preached and published by Dr. Cumming, is wholly inadmissible. For this is true, indeed, but it is

a consideration drawn from the rules of literary history and criticism, and not likely to have weight with the mass of mankind. Palpable error and mistranslation are what will have weight with *them*. And what, then, will they say as they come to know (and do not and must not more and more of them come to know it every day?) that Jeremiah's signal identification of Christ with the God of Israel,—“I will raise to David a righteous branch, and this is the name whereby he shall be called, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS,” runs really, “I will raise to David a righteous branch; in his days Judah shall be saved and Israel shall dwell safely; and this is the name whereby they shall call themselves, *The Eternal is our righteousness*.” The prophecy thus becomes simply one of the many promises of a successor to David under whom the Hebrew people should trust in the Eternal and follow righteousness, just as the prophecy from Genesis is one of the many prophecies of the enduring continuance of the greatness of Judah. “The Lord said unto my Lord,” in like manner, — will not people be startled when they find that it ought to run instead: “The Eternal said unto my lord the king”—a simple promise of victory to a prince of God's chosen people; and that “Kiss the Son,” is in reality, “Be warned,” or, “Be instructed;” “Lay hold,” according to the Septuagint, “on instruction.” Leslie, in his once famous *Short and Easy Method with the Deists*, speaks of the impugnors of the current evidences of Christianity as men who consider the Scripture histories and the Christian religion “cheats and impositions of cunning and designing men upon the credulity of simple people.” Collins, and the whole array of writers at whom Leslie aims this, greatly need to be re-surveyed from the point of view of our own age; nevertheless we may grant that some of them, at any rate, conduct their attacks on the current evidences of Christianity in such a manner as to give the notion that in their opinion Christianity itself, and religion, is a cheat and an imposture. But how far more prone will the mass of mankind be to hearken to this opinion, if they have been kept intent on predictions such as those of which we have given specimens, and full of the great importance of the narrow line of mechanical evidence, and then find that this line of evidence gives way at all points? It can hardly be doubted that to a delicate and penetrating criticism it has long been manifest that the chief *literal* fulfilment by Christ of things said by the prophets, was the fulfilment of a spirit nourished on the prophets and living and acting their words; that the great prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah are not strictly predictions at all; and that predictions which are strictly meant as such, like those in the Book of Daniel, are an embarrassment to the Bible rather than a main element of it. The “Zeit-Geist,” and the mere spread of what is called enlightenment, superficial and barren as this often is, will inevitably, before long, make this conviction of criticism a popular opinion held far and wide; and then, what will be their case who have been so long and sedulously taught to rely on supernatural predictions as a mainstay?

The same must be said of miracles. The substitution of some other

proof of Christianity for this accustomed formal proof is now to be desired most by those who most think Christianity of importance. That old friend of ours on whom we have formerly commented here, who insists upon it that Christianity is and shall be nothing else but this, "that Christ promised Paradise to the saint and threatened the worldly man with hell-fire, and proved his power to promise and threaten by rising from the dead and ascending into heaven," is certainly not the guide whom lovers of Christianity, if they could discern what it is that he really expects and aims at, and what it is which they themselves really desire, would think it wise to follow. But to finish our defence of literature against dogma we need one paper more; and perhaps our remarks on miracles will come better at the beginning of that than at the end of this.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

My Life.

To me my life seems as a haunted house,
The ways and passages whereof are dumb,
Up whose decaying stair no footsteps come;
Lo this the hall, hung with sere laurel boughs,
Where long years back came victors to carouse;
But none of all that company went home,
For scarce their lips had quaff'd the bright wine's foam
When sudden Death brake dank upon their brows.
Here, in this lovely ruin'd house, I dwell,
While unseen fingers toll the chapel bell;
Sometimes the arras rustles, and I see
A half-veil'd figure through the twilight steal,
Which, when I follow, pauses suddenly
Before the door whereon is set a seal.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.



THE BALCONY CREAKED AND TREMBLED, AND AT LAST GAVE WAY.

Lord Kilgobbin.

CHAPTER LII.

"A CHANCE AGREEMENT."



S Dick Kearney and young O'Shea had never attained any close intimacy, a strange sort of half-jealousy, inexplicable as to its cause, served to keep them apart: it was by mere accident that the two young men met one morning after breakfast in the garden, and on Kearney's offer of a cigar, the few words that followed led to a conversation.

"I cannot pretend to give you a choice Havanna, like one of Walpole's," said Dick, "but you'll perhaps find it smokeable."

"I'm not difficult," said the other; "and as to Mr. Walpole's tobacco, I don't think I ever tasted it."

"And I," rejoined the other, "as seldom as I could; I mean, only when politeness obliged me."

"I thought you liked him?" said Gorman, shortly.

"I? Far from it. I thought him a consummate puppy, and I saw that he looked down on us as inveterate savages."

"He was a favourite with your ladies, I think?"

"Certainly not with my sister, and I doubt very much with my cousin. Did you like him?"

"No, not at all; but then he belongs to a class of men I neither understand nor sympathize with. Whatever I know of life is associated with downright hard work. As a soldier I had my five hours' daily drill and the care of my equipments, as a lieutenant I had to see that my men kept to their duty, and whenever I chanced to have a little leisure I could not give it up to *ennui* or consent to feel bored and wearied."

"And do you mean to say you had to groom your horse and clean your arms when you served in the ranks?"

"Not always. As a cadet I had a soldier-servant, what we call a

'Bursche ;' but there were periods when I was out of funds, and barely able to grope my way to the next-quarter day, and at these times I had but one meal a day, and obliged to draw my waist-belt pretty tight to make me feel I had eaten enough. A Bursche costs very little, but I could not spare even that little."

"Confoundedly hard that."

"All my own fault. By a little care and foresight, even without thrift, I had enough to live as well as I ought; but a reckless dash of the old spendthrift blood I came of would master me now and then, and I'd launch out into some extravagance that would leave me penniless for months after."

"I believe I can understand that. One does get horribly bored by the monotony of a well-to-do existence: just as I feel my life here—almost insupportable."

"But you are going into Parliament; you are going to be a great public man."

"That bubble has burst already; don't you know what happened at Birr? They tore down all Miller's notices and mine, they smashed our booths, beat our voters out of the town, and placed Donogan—the rebel Donogan—at the head of the pole, and the head-centre is now M.P. for King's County."

"And has he a right to sit in the House?"

"There's the question. The matter is discussed every day in the newspapers, and there are as many for as against him. Some aver that the popular will is a sovereign edict that rises above all eventualities; others assert that the sentence which pronounces a man a felon declares him to be dead in law."

"And which side do you incline to?"

"I believe in the latter; he'll not be permitted to take his seat."

"You'll have another chance, then?"

"No; I'll venture no more. Indeed, but for this same man Donogan, I had never thought of it. He filled my head with ideas of a great part to be played and a proud place to be occupied, and that, even without high abilities, a man of a strong will, a fixed resolve, and an honest conscience, might, at this time, do great things for Ireland."

"And then betrayed you?"

"No such thing; he no more dreamed of Parliament himself than you do now. He knew he was liable to the law, he was hiding from the police, and well aware that there was a price upon his head."

"But if he was true to you, why did he not refuse this honour? why did he not decline to be elected?"

"They never gave him the choice. Don't you see it is one of the strange signs of the strange times we are living in that the people fix upon certain men as their natural leaders and compel them to march in the van, and that it is the force at the back of these leaders that, far more than their talents, makes them formidable in public life."

"I only follow it in part. I scarcely see what they aim at, and I do not know if they see it more clearly themselves. And now, what will you turn to?"

"I wish you could tell me."

"About as blank a future as my own!" muttered Gorman.

"Come, come, *you* have a career: you are a lieutenant of lancers; in time you will be a captain, and eventually a colonel, and who knows but a general at last, with heaven knows how many crosses and medals on your breast?"

"Nothing less likely—the day is gone by when Englishmen were advanced to places of high honour and trust in the Austrian army. There are no more field-m Marshals like Nugent than major-generals like O'Connell. I might be made a Drill-meister, and if I lived long enough, and was not superannuated, a major; but there my ambition must cease."

"And you are content with that prospect?"

"Of course I am not. I go back to it with something little short of despair."

"Why go back then?"

"Tell me what else to do—tell me what other road in life to take—show me even one alternative."

The silence that now succeeded lasted several minutes, each immersed in his own thoughts, and each doubtless convinced how little presumption he had to advise or counsel the other.

"Do you know, O'Shea," cried Kearney, "I used to fancy that this Austrian life of yours was a mere caprice—that you took 'a cast,' as we call it in the hunting-field, amongst those fellows to see what they were like and what sort of an existence was theirs—but that being your aunt's heir, and with a snug estate that must one day come to you, it was a mere 'lark' and not to be continued beyond a year or two."

"Not a bit of it. I never presumed to think I should be my aunt's heir—and now less than ever. Do you know, that even the small pension she has allowed me hitherto is now about to be withdrawn and I shall be left to live on my pay?"

"How much does that mean?"

"A few pounds more or less than you pay for your saddle-horse at livery at Dyces'."

"You don't mean that?"

"I do mean it, and even that beggarly pittance is stopped when I am on my leave; so that at this moment my whole worldly wealth is here," and he took from his pocket a handful of loose coin, in which a few gold pieces glittered amidst a mass of discoloured and smooth-looking silver.

"On my oath, I believe you are the richer man of the two," cried Kearney, "for except a few half-crowns on my dressing-table, and some coppers, I don't believe I am master of a coin with the Queen's image."

"I say, Kearney, what a horrible take-in we should prove to mothers with daughters to marry!"

"Not a bit of it. You may impose upon any one else—your tailor, your bootmaker, even the horsey gent that jobs your cabriolet, but you'll never cheat the mamma who has a daughter on sale."

Gorman could not help laughing at the more than ordinary irritability with which these words were spoken, and charged him at last with having uttered a personal experience.

"True, after all!" said Dick, half indolently. "I used to spoon a pretty girl up in Dublin, ride with her when I could, and dance with her at all the balls, and a certain chum of mine—a Joe Atlee—of whom you may have heard—undertook, simply by a series of artful rumours as to my future prospects—now extolling me as a man of fortune and a fine estate, to-morrow exhibiting me as a mere pretender with a mock title and mock income—to determine how I should be treated in this family, and he would say to me, 'Dick, you are going to be asked to dinner on Saturday next:' or, 'I say, old fellow, they're going to leave you out of that pic-nic at Powles-court. You'll find the Clanceys rather cold at your next meeting.'"

"And he would be right in his guess?"

"To the letter! Ay, and I shame to say that the young girl answered the signal as promptly as the mother."

"I hope it cured you of your passion?"

"I don't know that it did. When you begin to like a girl, and find that she has regularly installed herself in a corner of your heart, there is scarcely a thing she can do you'll not discover a good reason for, and even when your ingenuity fails, go and pay a visit, there is some artful witchery in that creation you have built up about her—for I heartily believe most of us are merely clothing a sort of lay figure of loveliness with attributes of our fancy—and the end of it is, we are about as wise about our idols as the South Sea savages in their homage to the gods of their own carving."

"I don't think that!" said Gorman, sternly. "I could no more invent the fascination that charms me than I could model a Venus or an Ariadne."

"I see where your mistake lies. You do all this, and never know you do it. Mind, I am only giving you Joe Atlee's theory all this time; for, though I believe in, I never invented it."

"And who is Atlee?"

"A chum of mine—a clever dog enough—who, as he says himself, takes a very low opinion of mankind, and, in consequence, finds this a capital world to live in."

"I should hate the fellow."

"Not if you met him. He can be very companionable, though I never saw any one take less trouble to please. He is popular almost everywhere."

"I know I should hate him."

"My cousin Nina thought the same, and declared from the mere sight

of his photograph, that he was false and treacherous, and heaven knows what else besides, and now she'll not suffer a word in his disparagement. She began exactly as you say you would, by a strong prejudice against him. I remember the day he came down here—her manner towards him was more than distant—and I told my sister Kate how it offended me, and Kate only smiled and said, 'Have a little patience, Dick.'"

"And you took the advice? You did have a little patience?"

"Yes; and the end is, they are firm friends. I'm not sure they don't correspond."

"Is there love in the case then?"

"That is what I cannot make out. So far as I know either of them, there is no trustfulness in their dispositions; each of them must see into the nature of the other. I have heard Joe Atlee say, 'With that woman for a wife, a man might safely bet on his success in life.' And she herself one day owned, 'If a girl was obliged to marry a man without sixpence, she might take Atlee.'"

"So, I have it, they will be man and wife yet?"

"Who knows! Have another weed?"

Gorman declined the offered cigar, and again a pause in the conversation followed. At last he suddenly said, "She told me she thought she would marry Walpole."

"She told *you* that? How did it come about to make *you* such a confidence?"

"Just this way. I was getting a little—not spooney—but attentive, and rather liked hanging after her, and in one of our walks in the wood—and there was no flirting at the time between us—she suddenly said, 'I don't think you are half a bad fellow, lieutenant.' 'Thanks for the compliment,' said I, coldly. She never heeded my remark, but went on. 'I mean, in fact, that if you had something to live for, and somebody to care about, there is just the sort of stuff in you to make you equal to both.' Not exactly knowing what I said, and half, only half in earnest, I answered, 'Why can I not have one to care for?' And I looked tenderly into her eyes as I spoke. She did not wince under my glance. Her face was calm, and her colour did not change, and she was full a minute before she said, with a faint sigh, 'I suppose I shall marry Cecil Walpole.' 'Do you mean,' said I, 'against your will?' 'Who told you I had a will, sir?' said she, haughtily; 'or that if I had, I should now be walking here in this wood alone with you? No, no,' added she hurriedly, 'you cannot understand me. There is nothing to be offended at. Go and gather me some of those wild flowers, and we'll talk of something else.'"

"How like her!—how like her," said Dick, and then looked sad and pondered. "I was very near falling in love with her myself!" said he, after a considerable pause.

"She has a way of curing a man if he should get into such an indis-

cretion," muttered Gorman, and there was bitterness in his voice as he spoke.

"Listen! listen to that!" and from the open window of the house there came the prolonged cadence of a full sweet voice, as Nina was singing an Irish ballad air. "That's for my father! 'Kathleen Mavourneen' is one of his favourites, and she can make him cry over it."

"I'm not very soft-hearted," muttered Gorman, "but she gave me a sense of fulness in the throat, like choking, the other day, that I vowed to myself I'd never listen to that song again."

"It is not her voice—it is not the music—there is some witchery in the woman herself that does it," cried Dick, almost fiercely. "Take a walk with her in the wood, saunter down one of these alleys in the garden, and I'll be shot if your heart will not begin to beat in another fashion, and your brain to weave all sorts of bright fancies, in which she will form the chief figure, and though you'll be half inclined to declare your love, and swear that you cannot live without her, some terror will tell you not to break the spell of your delight, but to go on walking there at her side, and hearing her words just as though that ecstasy could last for ever."

"I suspect you are in love with her," said O'Shea, drily.

"Not now. Not now: and I'll take care not to have a relapse," said he, gravely.

"How do you mean to manage that?"

"The only one way it is possible—not to see her, nor to hear her—not to live in the same land with her. I have made up my mind to go to Australia. I don't well know what to do, when I get there; but whatever it be, and whatever it cost me to bear, I shall meet it without shrinking, for there will be no old associates to look on and remark upon my shabby clothes and broken boots."

"What will the passage cost you?" asked Gorman eagerly.

"I have ascertained that for about fifty pounds I can land myself in Melbourne, and if I have a ten-pound note after, it is as much as I mean to provide."

"If I can raise the money, I'll go with you," said O'Shea.

"Will you? is this serious? is it a promise?"

"I pledge my word on it. I'll go over to the Barn to-day and see my aunt. I thought up to this I could not bring myself to go there, but I will now. It is for the last time in my life, and I must say good-by, whether she helps me or not."

"You'll scarcely like to ask her for money," said Dick.

"Scarcely,—at all events I'll see her, and I'll tell her that I'm going away, with no other thought in my mind than of all the love and affection she had for me, worse luck mine that I have not got them still."

"Shall I walk over with—? would you rather be alone?"

"I believe so; I think I should like to be alone."

"Let us meet then, on this spot, to-morrow, and decide what is to be done?"

"Agreed," cried O'Shea, and with a warm shake-hands to ratify the pledge, they parted; Dick towards the lower part of the garden, while O'Shea turned towards the house.

CHAPTER LIII.

"A SCRAPE."

WE have all of us felt how depressing is the sensation felt in a family circle in the first meeting after the departure of their guests. The friends who have been staying some time in your house not only bring to the common stock their share of pleasant converse and companionship, but, in the quality of strangers, they exact a certain amount of effort for their amusement which is better for him who gives than for the recipient, and they impose that small reserve which excludes the purely personal inconvenience and contrarieties, which unhappily in strictly family intercourse have no small space allotted them for discussion.

It is but right to say that they who benefit most by, and most gratefully acknowledge, this boon of the visitors, are the young. The elders, sometimes more disposed to indolence than effort, sometimes irritable at the check essentially put upon many little-egotisms of daily use, and oftener than either perhaps, glad to get back to the old groove of home discussion, unrestrained by the presence of strangers: the elders, I say, are now and then given to express a most ungracious gratitude for being once again to themselves, and free to be as confidential, and outspoken, and disagreeable as their hearts desire.

The dinner at Kilgobbin Castle on the day I speak of, consisted solely of the Kearney family, and except in the person of the old man himself, no trace of pleasantry could be detected. Kate had her own share of anxieties. A number of notices had been served by refractory tenants for demands they were about to prefer for improvements, under the new land act. The passion for litigation so dear to the Irish peasant's heart—that sense of having something to be quibbled for, so exciting to the imaginative nature of the Celt, had taken possession of all the tenants on the estate, and even the well-to-do and the satisfied were now bestirring themselves to think if they had not some grievance to be turned into profit, and some possible hardship to be discounted into an abatement.

Dick Kearney, entirely pre-occupied by the thought of his intended journey, already began to feel that the things of home touched him no longer. A few months more and he should be far away from Ireland and her interests, and why should he harass himself about the contests of party or the balance of factions, which never again could have any bearing on his future life. His whole thought was what arrangement he could make with his father by which, for a little present assistance, he might surrender all his right on the entail and give up Kilgobbin for ever.

As for Nina, her complexities were too many and too much interwoven for our investigation, and there were thoughts of all the various persons she had met in Ireland, mingled with scenes of the past, and, more strangely still, the people placed in situations and connections which by no likelihood should they ever have occupied. The thought that the little comedy of every-day life, which she relished immensely, was now to cease for lack of actors, made her serious—almost sad—and she seldom spoke during the meal.

At Lord Kilgobbin's request, that they would not leave him to take his wine alone, they drew their chairs round the dining-room fire; but, except the bright glow of the ruddy turf and the pleasant look of the old man himself, there was little that smacked of the agreeable fireside.

"What has come over you girls this evening?" said the old man. "Are you in love, or has the man that ought to be in love with either of you discovered it was only a mistake he was making?"

"Ask Nina, sir," said Kate, gravely.

"Perhaps you are right, uncle," said Nina, dreamily.

"In which of my guesses—the first or the last?"

"Don't puzzle me, sir, for I have no head for a subtle distinction. I only meant to say it is not so easy to be in love without mistakes. You mistake realities and traits for something not a bit like them, and you mistake yourself by imagining that you mind them."

"I don't think I understand you," said the old man.

"Very likely not, sir. I do not know if I had a meaning that I could explain."

"Nina wants to tell you, my lord, that the right man has not come forward yet, and she does not know whether she'll keep the place open in her heart for him any longer," said Dick, with a half malicious glance.

"That terrible cousin Dick! nothing escapes him," said Nina, with a faint smile.

"Is there any more in the newspapers about that scandal of the Government?" cried the old man, turning to Kate. "Is there not going to be some inquiry as to whether his Excellency wrote to the Fenians?"

"There are a few words here, papa," cried Kate, opening the paper. "In reply to the question of Sir Barnes Malone as to the late communications alleged to have passed between the head of the Irish Government and the Head-Centre of the Fenians, the Right Honourable the First Lord of the Treasury said, 'That the question would be more properly addressed to the noble lord the Secretary for Ireland, who was not then in the House. Meanwhile, sir,' continued he, 'I will take on myself the responsibility of saying that in this, as in a variety of other cases, the zeal of party has greatly outstripped the discretion that should govern political warfare. The exceptional state of a nation, in which the administration of justice mainly depends on those aids which a rigid morality might disparage; the social state of a people whose integrity calls for the application of means the most certain to disseminate distrust and dis-

union, are facts which constitute reasons for political action that, however assailable in the mere abstract, the mind of statesmanlike form will at once accept as solid and effective, and to reject which would only show that, in overlooking the consequences of sentiment, a man can ignore the most vital interests of his country.' "

"Does he say that they wrote to Donogan?" cried Kilgobbin, whose patience had been sorely pushed by the Premier's exordium.

"Let me read on, papa."

"Skip all that, and get down to a simple question and answer, Kitty; don't read the long sentences."

"This is how he winds up, papa. 'I trust I have now, sir, satisfied the House that there are abundant reasons why this correspondence should not be produced on the table, while I have further justified my noble friend for a course of action in which the humanity of the man takes no lustre from the glory of the statesman'—then there are some words in Latin—'and the right hon. gentleman resumed his seat amidst loud cheers, in which some of the Opposition were heard to join.' "

"I want to be told, after all, did they write the letter to say Donogan was to be let escape?"

"Would it have been a great crime, uncle?" said Nina, artlessly.

"I'm not going into that. I'm only asking what the people over us say is the best way to govern us. I'd like to know, once for all, what was wrong and what was right in Ireland."

"Has not the Premier just told you, sir," replied Nina, "that it is always the reverse of what obtains everywhere else?"

"I have had enough of it, anyhow," cried Dick, who, though not intending it before, now was carried away by a momentary gust of passion to make the avowal.

"Have you been in the Cabinet all this time, then, without our knowing it?" asked Nina, archly.

"It is not of the Cabinet I was speaking, mademoiselle. It was of the country." And he answered haughtily.

"And where would you go, Dick, and find better?" said Kate.

"Anywhere. I should find better in America, in Canada, in the Far West, in New Zealand—but I mean to try in Australia."

"And what will you do when you get there?" asked Kilgobbin, with a grim humour in his look.

"Do tell me, cousin Dick, for who knows that it might not suit me also?"

Young Kearney filled his glass, and drained it without speaking. At last he said, "It will be for you, sir, to say if I make the trial. It is clear enough, I have no course open to me here. For a few hundred pounds, or, indeed, for anything you like to give me, you get rid of me for ever. It will be the one piece of economy my whole life comprises."

"Stay at home, Dick, and give to your own country the energy you are willing to bestow on a strange land," said Kate.

"And labour side by side with the peasant I have looked down upon since I was able to walk."

"Don't look down on him, then—do it no longer. If you would treat the first stranger you met in the bush as your equal, begin the Christian practice in your own country."

"But he needn't do that at all," broke in the old man. "If he would take to strong shoes and early rising here at Kilgobbin, he need never go to Geelong for a living. Your great-grandfathers lived here for centuries, and the old house that sheltered them is still standing."

"What should I stay for——?" He had got thus far when his eyes met Nina's, and he stopped and hesitated, and, as a deep blush covered his face, faltered out, "Gorman O'Shea says he is ready to go with me, and two fellows with less to detain them in their own country would be hard to find."

"O'Shea will do well enough," said the old man; "he was not brought up to kid-leather boots and silk linings in his great-coat. There's stuff in him, and if it comes to sleeping under a haystack or dining on a red-herring, he'll not rise up with rheumatism or heartburn. And what's better than all, he'll not think himself a hero because he mends his own boots or lights his own kitchen-fire."

"A letter for your honour," said the servant, entering with a very informal-looking note on coarse paper, and fastened with a wafer. "The gossoon, sir, is waiting for an answer; he run every mile from Moate."

"Read it, Kitty," said the old man, not heeding the servant's comment.

"It is dated 'Moate Jail, 7 o'clock,'" said Kitty, as she read: "'Dear sir,—I have got into a stupid scrape, and have been committed to jail. Will you come, or send some one to bail me out. The thing is a mere trifle, but the 'being locked up' is very hard to bear. Yours always,—G. O'Shea.'"

"Is this more Fenian work?" cried Kilgobbin.

"I'm certain it is not, sir," said Dick. "Gorman O'Shea has no liking for them, nor is he the man to sympathize with what he owns he cannot understand. It is a mere accidental row."

"At all events we must see to set him at liberty. Order the gig, Dick, and while they are putting on the harness I'll finish this decanter of port. If it wasn't that we're getting retired shopkeepers on the bench we'd not see an O'Shea sent to prison like a gossoon that stole a bunch of turnips."

"What has he been doing, I wonder?" said Nina, as she drew her arm within Kate's and left the room.

"Some loud talk in the bar-parlour, perhaps," was Kate's reply, and the toss of her head as she said it implied more even than the words.

CHAPTER LIV.

"HOW IT BEFELL."

WHILE Lord Kilgobbin and his son are plodding along towards Moate with a horse not long released from the harrow, and over a road which the late rains had sorely damaged, the moment is not inopportune to explain the nature of the incident, small enough in its way, that called on them for this journey at nightfall. It befell that when Miss Betty, indignant at her nephew's defection, and outraged that he should descend to call at Kilgobbin, determined to cast him off for ever, she also resolved upon a project over which she had long meditated, and to which the conversation at her late dinner greatly predisposed her.

The growing unfertility of the land, the sturdy rejection of the authority of the Church, manifested in so many ways by the people, had led Miss O'Shea to speculate more on the insecurity of landed property in Ireland than all the long list of outrages scheduled at Assizes, or all the burning haggards that ever flared in a wintry sky. Her notion was to retire into some religious sisterhood, and away from life and its cares, to pass her remaining years in holy meditation and piety. She would have liked to have sold her estate, and endowed some house or convent with the proceeds, but there were certain legal difficulties that stood in the way, and her law agent, McKeown, must be seen and conferred with about these.

Her moods of passion were usually so very violent, that she would stop at nothing; and in the torrent of her anger she would decide on a course of action which would colour a whole lifetime. On the present occasion her first step was to write and acquaint McKeown that she would be at Moodie's Hotel, Dominick Street, the same evening, and begged he might call there at eight or nine o'clock as her business with him was pressing. Her next care was to let the house and lands of O'Shea's Barn to Peter Gill, for the term of one year, at a rent scarcely more than nominal, the said Gill binding himself to maintain the gardens, the shrubberies, and all the ornamental plantings in their accustomed order and condition. In fact, the extreme moderation of the rent was to be recompensed by the large space allotted to unprofitable land, and the great care he was pledged to exercise in its preservation, and while nominally the tenant, so manifold were the obligations imposed on him, he was in reality very little other than the care-taker of O'Shea's Barn and its dependencies. No fences were to be altered, or boundaries changed. All the copses of young timber were to be carefully protected by palings as heretofore, and even the ornamental cattle—the short-horns, and the Alderneys, and a few favourite "Kerries,"—were to be kept on the allotted paddocks; and to old Katloo herself was allotted a loose box, with a small field attached to it, where she might saunter at will, and ruminate over the less happy quadrupeds that had to work for their subsistence.

Now, though Miss Betty, in the full torrent of her anger, had that much of method in her madness to remember the various details, whose interests were the business of her daily life, and so far made provision for the future of her pet cows and horses and dogs and guinea-fowls, so that if she should ever resolve to return she should find all as she had left it—the short paper of agreement by which she accepted Gill as her tenant was drawn up by her own hand, unaided by a lawyer, and, whether from the intemperate haste of the moment or an unbounded confidence in Gill's honesty and fidelity, was not only carelessly expressed, but worded in a way that implied how her trustfulness exonerated her from anything beyond the expression of what she wished for and what she believed her tenant would strictly perform. Gill's repeated phrase of "Whatever her honour's ladyship liked" had followed every sentence as she read the document aloud to him, and the only real puzzle she had was to explain to the poor man's simple comprehension that she was not making a hard bargain with him, but treating him handsomely and in all confidence.

Shrewd and sharp as the old lady was, versed in the habits of the people, and long trained to suspect a certain air of dulness, by which, when asking the explanation of a point, they watch, with a native casuistry, to see what flaw or chink may open an equivocal meaning or intention—she was thoroughly convinced by the simple and unreasoning concurrence this humble man gave to every proviso, and the hearty assurance he always gave "that her honour knew what was best. God reward and keep her long in the way to do it!"—with all this, Miss O'Shea had not accomplished the first stage of her journey to Dublin, when Peter Gill was seated in the office of Pat McEvoy, the attorney at Moate—a smart practitioner, who had done more to foster litigation between tenant and landlord than all the "grievances" that ever were placarded by the press.

"When did you get this, Peter?" said the attorney, as he looked about, unable to find a date.

"This morning, sir, just before she started."

"You'll have to come before the magistrate and make an oath of the date, and, by my conscience, it's worth the trouble."

"Why, sir, what's in it?" cried Peter, eagerly.

"I'm no lawyer if she hasn't given you a clear possession of the place, subject to certain trusts, and even for the non-performance of these there is no penalty attached. When Councillor Holmes comes down at the assizes, I'll lay a case before him, and I'll wager a trifle, Peter, you will turn out to be an estated gentleman."

"Blood alive!" was all Peter could utter.

Though the conversation that ensued occupied more than an hour, it is not necessary that we should repeat what occurred, nor state more than the fact that Peter went home fully assured that if O'Shea's Barn was not his own indisputably, it would be very hard to dispossess him, and that, at all events, the occupation was secure to him for the present. The

importance that the law always attaches to possession Mr. McEvoy took care to impress on Gill's mind, and he fully convinced him that a forcible seizure of the premises was far more to be apprehended than the slower process of a suit and a verdict.

It was about the third week after this opinion had been given, when young O'Shea walked over from Kilgobbin Castle to the Barn, intending to see his aunt and take his farewell of her.

Though he had steeled his heart against the emotions such a leave-taking was likely to evoke, he was in nowise prepared for the feelings the old place itself would call up, and as he opened a little wicket that led by a shrubby walk to the cottage, he was glad to throw himself on the first seat he could find and wait till his heart could beat more measuredly. What a strange thing was life—at least that conventional life we make for ourselves—was his thought now. "Here am I ready to cross the globe, to be the servant, the labourer of some rude settler in the wilds of Australia, and yet I cannot be the herdsman here, and tend the cattle in the scenes that I love, where every tree, every bush, every shady nook, and every running stream is dear to me. I cannot serve my own kith and kin, but must seek my bread from the stranger! This is our glorious civilization. I should like to hear in what consists its marvellous advantage."

And then he began to think of those men of whom he had often heard—gentlemen and men of refinement—who had gone out to Australia, and who, in all the drudgery of daily labour—herding cattle on the plains or conducting droves of horses long miles of way—still managed to retain the habits of their better days, and, by the instinct of the breeding, which had become a nature, to keep intact in their hearts the thoughts and the sympathies and the affections, that made them gentlemen.

"If my dear aunt only knew me, as I know myself, she would let me stay here and serve her as the humblest labourer on her land. I can see no indignity in being poor and faring hardly. I have known coarse food and coarse clothing, and I never found that they either damped my courage or soured my temper."

It might not seem exactly the appropriate moment to have bethought him of the solace of companionship in such poverty, but somehow his thoughts *did* take that flight, and, unwarrantable as was the notion, he fancied himself returning at nightfall to his lowly cabin, and a certain girlish figure, whom our reader knows as Kate Kearney, standing watching for his coming.

There was no one to be seen about as he approached the house. The hall-door, however, lay open. He entered and passed on to the little breakfast-parlour on the left. The furniture was the same as before, but a coarse fustian jacket was thrown on the back of a chair, and a clay pipe and a paper of tobacco stood on the table. While he was examining these objects with some attention, a very ragged urchin, of some ten or eleven years, entered the room with a furtive step, and stood watching him. From this fellow all that he could hear was that Miss Betty was

gone away, and that Peter was at the Kilbeggan Market, and though he tried various questions, no other answers than these were to be obtained. Gorman now tried to see the drawing-room and the library, but these, as well as the dining-room, were all locked. He next essayed the bed-rooms, but with the same unsuccess. At length he turned to his own well-known corner—the well-remembered little “green room”—which he loved to think his own. This, too, was locked, but Gorman remembered that by pressing the door underneath with his walking-stick he could lift the bolt from the old-fashioned receptacle that held it and open the door. Curious to have a last look at a spot dear by so many memories, he tried the old artifice and succeeded.

He had still on his watch-chain the little key of an old marquetric cabinet, where he was wont to write, and now he was determined to write a last letter to his aunt from the old spot, and send her his good-by from the very corner where he had often come to wish her “good-night.”

He opened the window and walked out on the little wooden balcony, from which the view extended over the lawn and the broad belt of wood that fenced the demesne. The Sliebh Bloom Mountain shone in the distance, and in the calm of an evening sunlight the whole picture had something in its silence and peacefulness of almost rapturous charm.

Who is there amongst us that has not felt, in walking through the room of some uninhabited house, with every appliance of human comfort strewn about, ease and luxury within, wavy trees and sloping lawn or eddying waters without—who, in seeing all these, has not questioned himself as to why this should be deserted? and why is there none to taste and feel all the blessedness of such a lot as life here should offer? Is not the world full of these places? is not the puzzle of this query of all lands and of all peoples? That ever-present delusion of what we should do—what be if we were aught other than ourselves—how happy, how contented, how unrepining, and how good—ay, even our moral nature comes in to the compact—this delusion, I say, besets most of us through life, and we never weary of believing how cruelly fate has treated us, and how unjust destiny has been to a variety of good gifts and graces which are doomed to die unrecognized and unrequited.

I will not go the length of saying that Gorman O'Shea's reflections went thus far, though they did go to the extent of wondering why his aunt had left this lovely spot, and asking himself, again and again, where she could possibly have found anything to replace it.

“My dearest aunt,” wrote he, “in my own old room at the dear old desk, and on the spot knitted to my heart by happiest memories, I sit down to send you my last good-by ere I leave Ireland for ever.

“It is in no mood of passing fretfulness or impatience that I resolve to go and seek my fortune in Australia. As I feel now, believing you are displeased with me, I have no heart to go further into the question of my own selfish interests, nor say why I resolve to give up soldiering, and why I turn to a new existence. Had I been to you what I have

hitherto been, had I the assurance that I possessed the old claim on your love which made me regard you as a dear mother, I should tell you of every step that has led me to this determination, and how carefully and anxiously I tried to study what might be the turning-point of my life."

When he had written thus far and his eyes had already grown glassy with the tears which would force their way across them, a heavy foot was heard on the stairs, the door was burst rudely open, and Peter Gill stood before him.

No longer, however, the old peasant in shabby clothes and with his look half-shy, half-sycophant, but vulgarly dressed in broad-cloth and bright buttons, a tall hat on his head, and a crimson cravat round his neck. His face was flushed, and his eye flashing and insolent, so that O'Shea only feebly recognized him by his voice.

"You thought you'd be too quick for me, young man," said the fellow, and the voice in its thickness showed he had been drinking, "and that you would do your bit of writing there before I'd be back, but I was up to you."

"I really do not know what you mean," cried O'Shea, rising; "and as it is only too plain you have been drinking, I do not care to ask you."

"Whether I was drinking or no is my own business; there's none to call me to account now. I'm here in my own house, and I order you to leave it, and if you don't go by the way you came in, by my soul you'll go by that window!" A loud bang of his stick on the floor gave the emphasis to the last words, and whether it was the action or the absurd figure of the man himself overcame O'Shea, he burst out in a hearty laugh as he surveyed him. "I'll make it no laughing matter to you," cried Gill, wild with passion, and, stepping to the door, he cried out, "Come up, boys, every man of ye: come up and see the chap that's trying to turn me out of my holding."

The sound of voices and the tramp of feet outside now drew O'Shea to the window, and, passing out on the balcony, he saw a considerable crowd of country people assembled beneath. They were all armed with sticks, and had that look of mischief and daring so unmistakable in a mob. As the young man stood looking at them, some one pointed him out to the rest, and a wild yell, mingled with hisses, now broke from the crowd. He was turning away from the spot in disgust when he found that Gill had stationed himself at the window, and barred the passage.

"The boys want another look at ye," said Gill, insolently; "go back and show yourself: it is not every day they see an informer."

"Stand back, you old fool, and let me pass," cried O'Shea.

"Touch me if you dare; only lay one finger on me in my own house," said the fellow; and he grinned almost in his face as he spoke.

"Stand back," said Gorman, and, suiting the action to the word, he raised his arm to make space for him to pass out. Gill, no sooner did he feel the arm graze his chest, than he struck O'Shea across the face; and though the blow was that of an old man, the insult was so maddening

that O'Shea, seizing him by the arms, dragged him out upon the balcony.

"He's going to throw the old man over," cried several of those beneath, and, amidst the tumult of voices, a number soon rushed up the stairs and out on the balcony, where the old fellow was clinging to O'Shea's legs in his despairing attempt to save himself. The struggle scarcely lasted many seconds, for the rotten wood-work of the balcony creaked and trembled, and at last gave way with a crash, bringing the whole party to the ground together.

A score of sticks rained the blows on the luckless young man, and each time that he tried to rise he was struck back and rolled over by a blow or a kick, till at length he lay still and senseless on the sward, his face covered with blood and his clothes in ribbons.

"Put him in a cart, boys, and take him off to the gaol," said the attorney, McEvoy. "We'll be in a scrape about all this, if we don't make *him* in the wrong."

His audience fully appreciated the counsel, and while a few were busied in carrying old Gill to the house—for a broken leg made him unable to reach it alone—the others placed O'Shea on some straw in a cart, and set out with him to Kilbeggan.

"It is not a trespass at all," said McEvoy. "I'll make it a burglary and forcible entry, and if he recovers at all, I'll stake my reputation I transport him for seven years."

A hearty murmur of approval met the speech, and the procession, with the cart at their head, moved on towards the town.

CHAPTER LV.

Two J. P.'s.

It was the Tory magistrate, Mr. Flood—the same who had ransacked Walpole's correspondence—before whom the informations were sworn against Gorman O'Shea, and the old justice of the peace was, in secret, not sorry to see the question of land-tenure a source of dispute and quarrel amongst the very party who were always inveighing against the landlords.

When Lord Kilgobbin arrived at Kilbeggan it was nigh midnight, and as young O'Shea was at that moment a patient in the gaol infirmary, and sound asleep, it was decided between Kearney and his son that they would leave him undisturbed till the following morning.

Late as it was, Kearney was so desirous to know the exact narrative of events that he resolved on seeing Mr. Flood at once. Though Dick Kearney remonstrated with his father, and reminded him that old Tom Flood, as he was called, was a bitter Tory, had neither a civil word nor a kind thought for his adversaries in politics, Kearney was deter-

mined not to be turned from his purpose by any personal consideration, and being assured by the innkeeper that he was sure to find Mr. Flood in his dining-room and over his wine, he set out for the snug cottage at the entrance of the town, where the old justice of the peace resided.

Just as he had been told, Mr. Flood was still in the dinner-room, and with his guest, Tony Adams, the Rector, seated with an array of decanters between them.

"Kearney—Kearney!" cried Flood, as he read the card the servant handed him. "Is it the fellow who calls himself Lord Kilgobbin, I wonder?"

"May be so," growled Adams, in a deep guttural, for he disliked the effort of speech.

"I don't know him, nor do I want to know him. He is one of your half-and-half Liberals that, to my thinking, are worse than the rebels themselves! What is this here in pencil on the back of the card? 'Mr. K. begs to apologize for the hour of his intrusion, and earnestly entreats a few minutes from Mr. Flood.' Show him in, Philip, show him in; and bring some fresh glasses."

Kearney made his excuses with a tact and politeness which spoke of a time when he mixed freely with the world, and old Flood was so astonished by the ease and good breeding of his visitor that his own manner became at once courteous and urbane.

"Make no apologies about the hour, Mr. Kearney," said he. "An old bachelor's house is never very tight in discipline. Allow me to introduce Mr. Adams, Mr. Kearney, the best preacher in Ireland, and as good a judge of port wine as of theology."

The responsive grunt of the parson was drowned in the pleasant laugh of the others, as Kearney sat down and filled his glass. In a very few words he related the reason of his visit to the town, and asked Mr. Flood to tell him what he knew of the late misadventure.

"Sworn information, drawn up by that worthy man, Pat McEvoy, the greatest rascal in Europe, and I hope I don't hurt you by saying it, Mr. Kearney. Sworn information of a burglarious entry, and an aggravated assault, on the premises and person of one Peter Gill, another local blessing—bad luck to him. The aforesaid—if I spoke of him before—Gorman O'Shea, having, *suadente diavolo*, smashed down doors and windows, palisadings and palings, and broke open cabinets, chests, cupboards, and other contrivances. In a word, he went into another man's house, and when asked what he did there, he threw the proprietor out of the window. There's the whole of it."

"Where was the house?"

"O'Shea's Barn."

"But surely O'Shea's Barn, being the residence and property of his aunt, there was no impropriety in his going there?"

"The informant states that the place was in the tenancy of this said Gill, one of your own people, Mr. Kearney. I wish you luck of him."

"I disown him. Root and branch: he is a disgrace to any side. And where is Miss Betty O'Shea?"

"In a convent or a monastery, they say. She has turned abbess or monk; but, upon my conscience, from the little I've seen of her, if a strong will and a plucky heart be the qualifications, she might be the Pope!"

"And are the young man's injuries serious? Is he badly hurt? for they would not let me see him at the gaol."

"Serious, I believe they are. He is cut cruelly about the face and head, and his body bruised all over. The finest peasantry have a taste for kicking with strong brogues on them, Mr. Kearney, that cannot be equalled."

"I wish, with all my heart, they'd kick the English out of Ireland!" cried Kearney, with a savage energy.

"Faith! if they go on governing us in the present fashion, I do not say I'll make any great objection. Eh, Adams?"

"May be so!" was the slow and very guttural reply, as the fat man crossed his hands on his waistcoat.

"I'm sick of them all, Whigs and Tories," said Kearney.

"Is not every Irish gentleman sick of them, Mr. Kearney? Ain't you sick of being cheated and cajoled, and ain't *we* sick of being cheated and insulted? They seek to conciliate *you* by outraging *us*. Don't you think we could settle our own differences better amongst ourselves? It was Philpot Curran said of the fleas in Manchester, that if they'd all pulled together, they'd have pulled him out of bed. Now, Mr. Kearney, what if we all took to 'pulling together?'"

"We cannot get rid of the notion that we'd be outjockeyed," said Kearney, slowly.

"We *know*," cried the other, "that we should be outnumbered, and that is worse. Eh, Adams?"

"Ay!" sighed Adams, who did not desire to be appealed to by either side.

"Now we're alone here, and no eavesdropper near us, tell me fairly, Kearney, are you better because we are brought down in the world? Are you richer—are you greater—are you happier?"

"I believe we are, Mr. Flood, and I'll tell you why I say so."

"I'll be shot if I hear you, that's all. Fill your glass. That's old port that John Beresford tasted in the Custom-House Docks seventy odd years ago, and you are the only Whig living that ever drank a drop of it!"

"I am proud to be the first exception, and I go so far as to believe—I shall not be the last!"

"I'll send a few bottles over to that boy in the infirmary. It cannot but be good for him," said Flood.

"Take care, for heaven's sake: if he be threatened with inflammation. Do nothing without the doctor's leave."

"I wonder that the people who are so afraid of inflammation, are so fond of rebellion," said he sarcastically.

"Perhaps I could tell you that too——"

"No—do not—do not, I beseech you; reading the Whig Ministers' speeches has given me such a disgust to all explanations, I'd rather concede anything than hear how it could be defended! Apparently Mr. Disraeli is of my mind also, for he won't support Paul Hartigan's motion."

"What was Hartigan's motion?"

"For the papers, or the correspondence, or whatever they called it, that passed between Danesbury and Dan Donogan."

"But there was none."

"Is that all you know of it? They were as thick as two thieves. It was 'Dear Dane' and 'Dear Dan' between them. 'Stop the shooting. We want a light calendar at the summer assizes,' says one. 'You shall have forty thousand pounds yearly for a Catholic college, if the House will let us.' 'Thank you for nothing for the Catholic college,' says Dan. 'We want our own parliament, and our own militia: free pardon for political offences.' What would you say to a bill to make landlord-shooting manslaughter, Mr. Kearney?"

"Justifiable homicide, Mr. Bright called it years ago; but the judges didn't see it."

"This Danesbury 'muddle,' for that is the name they give it, will be hushed up, for he has got some Tory connections, and the lords are never hard on one of their 'order,' so I hear. Hartigan is to be let have his talk out in the House, and as he is said to be violent and indiscreet, the Prime Minister will only reply to the violence, and the indiscretion, and he will conclude by saying that the noble Viceroy has begged her Majesty to release him of the charge of the Irish Government, and though the Cabinet have urgently entreated him to remain and carry out the wise policy of conciliation so happily begun in Ireland, he is rooted in his resolve, and he will not stay; and there will be cheers! and when he adds that Mr. Cecil Walpole, having shown his great talents for intrigue, will be sent back to the fitting sphere,—his old profession of diplomacy,—there will be laughter, for as the Minister seldom jokes, the House will imagine this to be a slip, and then, with every one in good humour—but Paul Hartigan, who will have to withdraw his motion—the right honourable gentleman will sit down, well pleased at his afternoon's work."

Kearney could not but laugh at the sketch of a debate given with all the mimicry of tone and mock solemnity of an old debater, and the two men now became, by the bond of their geniality, like old acquaintances.

"Ah, Mr. Kearney, I won't say we'd do it better on College Green, but we'd do it more kindly, more courteously, and, above all, we'd be less hypocritical in our inquiries. I believe we try to cheat the devil in Ireland just as much as our neighbours. But we don't pretend that we are archbishops all the time we're doing it. There's where we differ from the English."

"And who is to govern us," cried Kearney, "if we have no Lord-Lieutenant?"

"The Privy Council, the Lords Justices, or maybe the Board of Works, who knows? When you are going over to Holyhead in the packet, do you ever ask if the man at the wheel is decent, or a born idiot, and liable to fits? Not a bit of it. You know that there are other people to look to this, and you trust, besides, that they'll land you all safe."

"That's true," said Kearney, and he drained his glass; "and now tell me one thing more. How will it go with young O'Shea about this scrimmage, will it be serious?"

"Curtis, the chief constable, says it will be an ugly affair enough. They'll swear hard, and they'll try to make out a title to the land through the action of trespass; and if, as I hear, the young fellow is a scamp and a bad lot——"

"Neither one nor the other," broke in Kearney; "as fine a boy and as thorough a gentleman as there is in Ireland."

"And a bit of a Fenian, too," slowly interposed Flood.

"Not that I know; I'm not sure that he follows the distinctions of party here; he is little acquainted with Ireland."

"Ho, ho! a Yankee sympathizer?"

"Not even that; an Austrian soldier, a young lieutenant of Lancers over here for his leave."

"And why couldn't he shoot, or course, or kiss the girls, or play at foot-ball, and not be burning his fingers with the new land laws? There's plenty of ways to amuse yourself in Ireland without throwing a man out of window; eh, Adams?" And Adams bowed his assent, but did not utter a word.

"You are not going to open more wine?" remonstrated Kearney, eagerly.

"It's done. Smell that, Mr. Kearney," cried Flood, as he held out a fresh-drawn cork at the end of the screw. "Talk to me of clove pinks, and violets and carnations after that? I don't know whether you have any prayers in your church against being led into temptation."

"Haven't we?" sighed the other.

"Then all I say is, heaven help the people up at Oporto; they'll have more to answer for even than most men."

It was nigh dawn when they parted, Kearney muttering to himself as he sauntered back to the inn, "If port like that is the drink of the Tories, they must be good fellows with all their prejudices."

"I'll be shot if I don't like that rebel," said Flood as he went to bed.

